

LOOKING AHEAD *With* LATIN AMERICA



STANLEY HIGH

LATIN AMERICA

Scale 1:48,000,000

Statute Miles

0 200 400 600

Kilometers

0 200 400 600

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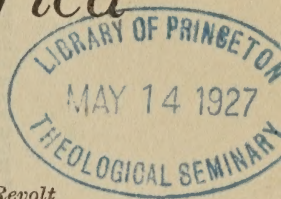
CUZCO UNIVERSITY

A VIEW OF THE QUADRANGLE OF THE UNIVERSITY,
SHOWING THE BEAUTY OF SPANISH ARCHITECTURE.
THE UNIVERSITY WAS ESTABLISHED IN 1692.

Looking Ahead with Latin America

By Stanley High

Author of: *China's Place in the Sun; The Revolt
of Youth; Europe Turns the Corner; etc.*



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Stanley High was graduated from Nebraska Wesleyan University in 1917 and served as a pilot in the air service during the World War. In 1919 he went to Europe as a member of the Reconstruction Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church and then spent eight months traveling in China, investigating conditions and reporting for American papers. His first book, *China's Place in the Sun*, was an outgrowth of this journey. In 1920 Mr. High entered the Boston University School of Theology and after his graduation in 1923 he spent several months studying the Youth Movements in Europe which he described in his second book, *The Revolt of Youth*. A later visit to Russia and Central Europe in 1924 resulted in a series of articles which have appeared in the *Christian Science Monitor*, the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Asia* and in another volume, *Europe Turns the Corner*, published in 1925 by the Abingdon Press. Mr. High has studied Latin American problems under Leo S. Rowe, president of the Pan-American Union at the Williamstown Institute of Politics and has been in touch with the leaders among the younger generation in Latin American lands. Mr. High is Assistant Secretary in the Department of Home Cultivation of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

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PREFACE

Two purposes have dominated the writing of this book. I have sought, in the first place, to present an account of present-day Latin America which would emphasize the community of ideals that exists between the nations of the South and Canada and the United States to the North. A great many historical factors enter in to account for the fact that to many North Americans the Republics of Latin America appear to be backward, unstable, and of doubtful trustworthiness. An accurate account of present-day Latin America is the only effective antidote for that particular poison. In the present volume, therefore, I have sought to present a picture of these great Republics in terms that North Americans can understand and appreciate.

As a second purpose, I have endeavored to indicate the fundamental place of Evangelical Christianity in the new and vital life that is stirring in Latin America. Evangelical Christianity has a great part to play in molding the post-war life of these republics. But that place, in Latin America, is not unique, save in so far as the Christian contribution around the world is unique. I have sought, therefore, to indicate that at the base of the new Latin America there must be built this Evangelical faith—in precisely the

Preface

same way that I believe such faith must be built into the foundations of every nation that is struggling to reshape its life since the War.

Looking Ahead with Latin America is a study book for young people. I have not written it "to young people." The accounts presented here of the tides of thought that are moving in the South have been written as matters of vital importance. It is my belief that—so long as they are kept vital—young people will be interested in these developments, sometimes even more earnestly than their elders.

In the preparation of this volume the work done by Mr. W. Reginald Wheeler, Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., in assembling a vast amount of material touching every phase of the life in Latin America has been of inestimable value. Mr. Wheeler, prevented from writing the book because of ill health, placed the data which he had gathered at my disposal, and I wish to express to him my very great indebtedness for that help.

STANLEY HIGH

New York
1925

I

Conquistadores of the New World

THE history of the discovery and conquest of the Americas is a romance of Old World dreamers and gay adventurers; of scientists, alternately scoffed at and revered, plotting maps and reading stars; of kings and queens in search of richer kingdoms; of sailors out for spoils, and priests for converts; and merchants seeking gold and silks and spices. To follow this romance leads one to royal audience rooms—tapestried and dazzling; down cobbled streets, along fish-fragrant waterfronts to harbors where fragile ships bob at their anchors and fishermen, in the early morning, work with the nets.

Its further course lies out beyond the boundaries of maps and charts into an unknown vastness of sky and sea, and of stars, at night; of vicious winds and rain and sea-green waves that put the decks awash; of strange birds and drifting seaweed; through the Ancients' Heaven and Hell into a New World.

And then the story of discovery becomes, also, a tale of conquest. Strange tribes are met and, as the case requires, conciliated or vanquished. Flags are planted, new Empires claimed and new Kingdoms of the Cross staked out. The thin

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thread that Columbus drew between the Old World and the New becomes a brilliant fabric woven by countless ships and dauntless men. Into the pattern of that fabric go all the passions of the ages—the lust for gold and the lust for power; the love of adventure and the ruthless piety; and later the flaming zeal for religious and political freedom.

And bound inseparably in the warp and woof of this fabric of discovery and conquest are the two Americas—North and South. The same passions and loyalties and the same adventuring led to the conquering of both continents. For good or ill, the early history of the Americas is woven together in this single pattern of romance. And in this twentieth century, for good or for ill, the destiny of these two Americas is still closely intertwined.

In the cabin of Columbus, on his voyage of discovery, there sailed Martino Sanchez, a lad still in his teens, whose father served His Most Christian Majesty, King Ferdinand of Spain. Martino, though no sailor, was sent forth with the blessing of the King himself, to watch over the Admiral who bore the flag of Spain.

It was on the third day of August, 1492, that the little fleet of caravels set sail from the harbor of Palos, a short way to the north of the

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Spanish city of Cadiz. Three ships—the *Pinta*, the *Nina*, and the *Santa Maria*—comprised the squadron. And toy vessels they were, too. The *Santa Maria*, the flagship and largest of the three, was but ninety feet in length, with a twenty-foot beam, and she carried a crew of fifty-two. Any one of the three, doubtless, could be conveniently stowed away in the hold of a twentieth-century liner.

But to Martino, as he stood on the deck of the *Maria*, watching the Spanish coast drop down the horizon, they were glorious vessels—craft of conquest and emblems of the majesty of Spain. It was near sunset and a stiff land breeze was blowing. The sun, lingering above the sea, shot rays of gold into the topsail of the *Santa Maria* and shone upon the flag of Ferdinand and Isabella flying above it. Ahead, the square-sailed *Pinta*—the fleetest craft of the three—was leading this merry race into the Unknown. Aft, somewhat lumbering, came the *Nina*.

Martino's eyes shone. Behind him lay the drab Old World. Ahead was mystery—the Great Adventure—he knew not what. The sun fell over the ocean's rim. Whitecaps spotted the sea ahead. A wave rode into the *Maria*. Spray dashed the deck where Martino stood. He dreamed no more. For all of a sudden he realized that he was hungry, and that things were

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stirring in the brick-made cooking galley half-way down the deck.

More than two months later—October 5, to be exact—and the little fleet still headed into the west. A heavy sea was running. The three ships tossed like bits of cork from wave to wave. Martino, his dark skin blackened by the weeks at sea, was on deck. A good bit of glory had gone out of his adventure since that sunshiny August day when the three boats—their pennants streaming—beat down the coast of Spain and sailed toward the setting sun. The flag of Ferdinand and Isabella had been whipped from the mast in a gale long since. The Maltese cross in the mainsail had been washed out by the driving rains. There was little enough of glamor now about the caravels; only the signs of days becalmed under a scorching sun; the batterings by day and night of wind-swept seas; weary men who were afraid and a weary Admiral who had both faith and courage.

Martino slipped down the deck and steadied himself against the capstan. It was that last—the Admiral—that worried him. For himself, Martino had no fear. Day and night in the Admiral's cabin he had come to partake of the Admiral's faith. Land, at every evening, was always just over the horizon beyond the sun.

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And every morning, with the world still a meaningless expanse of sea and sky, Martino believed, as the Admiral said, that night would certainly bring land. So it went, night and day, day and night, week after week. And the faith of Martino in the Admiral, and the Admiral's faith in his enterprise never for a moment wavered.

But the crew did not know the Admiral as Martino knew him. The crew was mutinous. Only the night before, loitering in the stern of the boat, Martino overheard a conversation between two common sailors.

"We'll pitch him over the side," said one. "Who'd be wiser?"

"Washed away in a storm," said the other, "and there'd be no more questions asked."

"But we can't keep on and on forever," said the first. "The food is low and God knows what's ahead of us."

"It's the Admiral's mind," said the second. "He thinks there's land out there, when everybody in Cadiz knows well enough there's nothing but destruction. But the Admiral'll have us all to the bottom—and that soon—before he'll put about. For me, I'm for taking over the ship ourselves and pointing her back to Spain."

"And me," said the other.

Martino slipped out of hearing and down the deck to the cabin. His heart was pounding and

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his knees shook. Inside the cabin the Admiral was bending over his log. In the cabin he was always at work on his log or toiling over his maps. He looked up as Martino entered. His eyes were sunken and his face drawn. His smile was weary.

"A rough night," he said, and bent over his log again.

Martino did not answer. He was thinking hard. Should he tell the Admiral, or confide first to Pero Gutierrez, a friend of Martino's father, who, in the Old Country, had been groom of the King's wardrobe. No—the Admiral must be told. And Martino, therefore, told him, and named the conspirators.

Columbus heard him through—his bearded chin sunk on his breast, his legs spread out full length before him, his hands hanging listless at his sides. For a moment he did not speak, and then not to Martino. He looked across at the cabin wall where a tiny crucifix was hung, and muttered to himself.

"We've gone so far, so far," he said, "we must go on. It's there—the land—it must be there. I will not turn back. They can throw me overboard, but I'll not turn back—never, never!" and his voice trailed off.

He looked at Martino, still standing there riveted to the spot.

"Thank you, lad," he said, "I've need of

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friends like you. But we'll not head for Spain—not yet—not until we've claimed new land for their Majesties whose flag we bear, and the Cross we are proud to carry."

And without another word he turned again to his log.

So on this night Martino was worried. The crew was sullen, more sullen than the Admiral knew. For two days there had been no seaweed alongside the ship; no birds to spur their hope that land was near; and a stiff gale had kept all hands on deck. Worst of all, Martino had discovered that the Admiral was giving false reports of the distance sailed each day in order to reassure the men. In the log, which lay open on the Admiral's table, Martino had read this entry—obviously intended for the eyes of no one but Columbus himself:

"Sailed this day nineteen leagues and determined to count less than the true number that the crew might not be dismayed if the voyage should prove long."

Standing there beside the capstan, watching the dark hulks of the *Nina* and the *Pinta* as they pitched along in the wake of the *Santa Maria*, Martino felt certain that serious developments were at hand. The Admiral's promises had worn threadbare. His threats no longer were a menace. The journey was insufferably long. And,

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after all, who knew what lay out there beyond this black and endless waste?

Martino was right. At that moment three sailors passed him on their way from the Admiral's cabin. The lad was alarmed. What business had they with Columbus at this hour? Martino made all haste to the cabin. Columbus was there, as usual, his log spread out before him, a crude map dropping over the side of the table. But he was not writing—only staring straight ahead of him at the cabin wall where the crucifix was hanging.

He looked up as Martino entered.

"Well, they've driven me to it, lad," he said. "I cannot sail the ships without men, and those who would stand with me are outnumbered three to one by these mutineers. I've agreed that if, after three days' sail, we sight no land, I will put about for Spain."

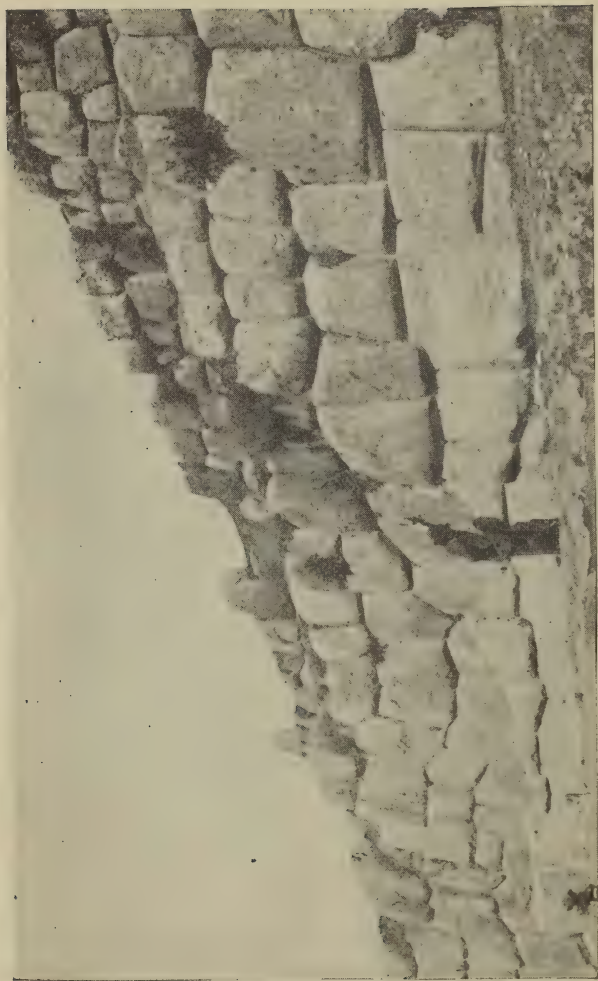
He said no more, but continued sitting there—his weary eyes despairing, his body slouched in his chair in utter, desperate exhaustion. Martino, his heart heavy for the Admiral, slipped off to his bunk without a word.

The next day, October 11, was fair—but the sea ran heavily. At noon word came from the *Pinta*, now leading the little fleet, that the crew had picked up a stick which appeared to have been carved with iron. Columbus, who had been



SCENIC CONTRASTS IN SOUTH AMERICA

ABOVE, IS ONE OF THE MANY LAKES OF ARGENTINA, BEAUTIFIED BY SNOW-CAPPED PEAKS IN THE BACKGROUND. BELOW, IS A PASTURE SCENE IN ONE OF THE FERTILE VALLEYS OF CHILE.



THE OLD INCA WALL

THE STONE BLOCKS THAT MAKE UP THIS WALL WERE HEWN BY THE INDIANS BY HAND, AND PUT TOGETHER WITHOUT MORTAR. THESE RUINS DATE BACK TO SOME PERIOD BEFORE THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

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on deck since before dawn, never ceased to strain his eyes toward the west. Two days more to sail—and if no land, Spain again—and defeat.

And so the day passed. Late afternoon a sailor called from the *Nina*, in great joy, that they had seen a stalk loaded with roseberries floating upon the waves. The Admiral's eyes flashed at the news. And Martino did a joyful song and dance back of the cooking galley. Night came on—and still the Admiral did not leave the deck. A strange suspense held all the crew and all hands were on deck. The ships made good headway in the early evening—sailing due west.

At ten o'clock the Admiral cried out that he saw a light. But it flickered once and was gone before anyone else could see it. At midnight, however, a joyful shout went up from the *Pinta*. Rodrigo de Triana, standing watch, discovered a long dark line above the horizon. Immediately land signals were given, and by two o'clock the three caravels, having sailed within two leagues of the shore, drew in their canvas and hove to until morning, in the lee of the New World.

And Martino, breathless in his excitement, joined with the sailors in the *Salve*,—which they always repeat on occasions of rejoicing,—looked once more at the dim mysterious coastline that loomed up ahead, and went below, crossing himself—good Catholic that he was—and dreaming

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already of the thrills which the next day promised.

He touched the side of the cabin wall. The glamor of that first day, off the coast of Spain, was coming back. Those little boats were the craft of conquest and this voyage, after all, had become the Great Adventure.

Hernan Cortez was as chivalrous a farmer as ever drove the slaves of the Indies, and as prosperous. The little town of St. Jago was his town. He had come to it sometime after the year 1511, when he joined Velasquez in the conquest of Cuba. Ample acreage, and slaves sufficient to cultivate it, were the reward of Cortez for his services in that expedition. Wealth had flowed into the Cortez coffers, and distinction—dignified, rural distinction—had accrued to the Cortez name.

But Cortez himself was far from satisfied. He had come out from Spain—a lad of nineteen years—seeking adventure. He had found it—scatterings of it; a duel now and then, a skirmish or two, this expedition to Cuba. And then—agricultural oblivion. Cortez was still a very young man, and driving slaves to the fields and sipping wine on his spacious piazza and engaging in sweet tilts with the maidens of St. Jago was no life for a young man. Not, at least, in such stirring times.

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So when Velasquez, the Governor, proposed to outfit an armada and proceed to Mexico,—there to convert the Indians, and, incidentally, of course, to annex their lands and wealth,—Cortez was ready for the expedition. And when the young farmer of St. Jago was chosen as captain-general of the force, he sank all his fortune and also that of his friends in preparations for the conquest.

But Velasquez's was a suspicious soul—given to jealousy. The rising fortunes of young Cortez gave him uneasiness. How should he know that this young and reckless courtier would ever split the spoils or share the honors? He was too young and too ambitious to be trusted. A new captain-general, therefore, must be found.

But Cortez had friends at court. Two young men, Lares and Duero, hearing of the plan on foot forthwith told him of the Governor's scheme. And Cortez, though his fleet was inadequately equipped and his force not yet recruited, made a quick decision, as he was frequently called upon to do in later times. He resolved to weigh anchor that very night. He called his officers, informed them of his purpose, and at midnight—while the town was sleeping—they boarded the ships and slipped noiselessly down the bay.

First, however, Cortez, with an eye to the

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future, visited the merchant who was to supply him with meat, relieved him of his entire stock and left, in payment, a heavy gold chain that he wore about his neck.

The next morning the little town was agog. The news reached the Governor and he was still more agog. He arose,—an hour earlier than notables were accustomed to arise,—mounted his horse, and galloped madly to the quay. Cortez, seeing from his vessel the arrival of Velasquez, entered an armed boat and drew close to shore.

“Have you any commands to give me?” shouted Cortez.

But the incensed Governor had no commands and returned to his mansion conscious that he had made two fatal errors; first, the appointment of Cortez to command; and, second, the effort to deprive him of it.

Cortez, however, little disturbed, set sail. After weeks of loitering along the coast of Cuba, where his stores were completed and his complement of men filled out, he set sail, on the tenth of February, 1519, for the mainland. Before sailing for Yucatan, however, Cortez took stock of his force and found that his strength consisted of one hundred and ten mariners; an infantry division of five hundred and fifty-three

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soldiers; Indians to the extent of some two hundred; an artillery brigade of ten heavy guns, four light pieces, and ample ammunition; and a cavalry squadron containing sixteen horses.

With this handful for an army the young Spanish farmer—he was then but thirty-three—set sail on February 19, 1519, in eleven flimsy vessels for the conquest of a continent—a conquest that was to destroy the Aztec, one of the most ancient of civilizations; lay waste a great territory; subjugate the whole of Mexico; and implant the Spanish flag and the Cross over a new World Empire.

It was midsummer of the same year—1519. Cortez and his paltry force had pushed inland from the coast, leaving the fleet with one hundred mariners at the little village of Villa Rica—now Vera Cruz. With the advancing Spanish conquerors was Duero—the same young man who had apprized Cortez of the Governor's determination to give the command of the expedition to another. Duero, several years younger than Cortez, was still his most trusted friend. They were constantly together on the march.

On this particular July night camp was pitched on the outskirts of an Indian village. The day had been overbearingly hot. Two men whom

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Cortez could ill afford to lose had died that day of some strange New World malady. The men were disaffected, and their disaffection was stimulated by a traitorous priest, Juan Diaz.

This priest—as ingenious as he was faithless—hatched a plan against Cortez. The disaffected soldiers, with Diaz at their head, were to steal provisions, make for Villa Rica, and from there set sail for Cuba, where the Governor, doubtless, would give them safe haven from the wrath of Cortez. On this particular night the plan was to be executed. Stores were secreted beyond the camp, and at the appointed signal the deserters were to slip from their tents and with all haste make for the coast.

Duero, returning to his tent from the quarters of Cortez, passed Diaz, the priest, on the way. He spoke, and the priest, obviously disturbed at the meeting, stammered some reply. Duero, who wasted no affection on Diaz, determined to follow him. The way led, by a circuitous route, to the cache where the stolen stores were hidden.

Alarmed, Duero hastened back to Cortez and told him what he had seen. The young general lost no time. He summoned to him two captains and confided to them the plot on foot. “We will surround the place,” said Cortez, “and make short shrift of their enterprise.”

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The two captains, Cortez, and twelve men did the job. The traitors were caught by surprise and captured. Diaz claimed the benefit of clergy and got it. The other ringleaders, not fortunate enough to be priests, were hanged and the rest of the rebels dealt with in no uncertain manner.

The conspiracy had been caught in time. But Cortez was still disturbed. Mutiny in a force so small as his meant disaster. And mutiny there would always be so long as ahead there lay more perils, and behind, these ships and a certain avenue of escape.

"I've made up my mind," he said to Duero the next day. "I'm going to destroy the ships."

Duero was aghast. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"Just that. As long as we have the ships, the faint hearts among our men will look back to them with so much longing that it is bound to interfere with their fighting."

"But," said Duero, "if we're defeated—how can we escape?"

"We will not be defeated," said Cortez. And added, after a moment, "So long as we have the ships, we are more certain to be beaten. And if we are beaten, we'll be so far from the coast that they'll do us no good and we will perish anyway. There's no arguing; my mind is made up."

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A few days later word spread like wildfire among the troops that all but one of the eleven vessels were at the bottom of the bay. There was consternation—and then anger. The murmurs against Cortez were threatening. The soldiers gathered in little groups and cursed their general and swore certain vengeance. Plots—many of them—were set on foot for his destruction. The expedition was on the verge of bloody disaster.

Cortez, knowing full well his peril, summoned his men to arms. He watched them as they drew in line before his quarters, a sullen, desperate lot, their eyes glaring at him. One false word and they would be upon him. He knew that well enough. He stood before them. The air was charged with their hatred. He began to speak. Their loss, he said, was a greater loss to him, for the vessels were his property. If saved, the fleet could be of little value to them in the interior. He urged them to turn their thoughts, not backward, but ahead. "To be calculating chances and means of escape is unworthy of brave souls. You have set your hands to the work; to look back, as you advance, will be your ruin."

He concluded, "If there be any so craven as to shrink from sharing the dangers of our glorious enterprise, let them go home, in God's name. There is still one vessel left. Let them take that

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and return to Cuba. They can tell there how they deserted their commander and their comrades, and patiently wait until we return, loaded with spoils of the Aztecs. As for me, I have chosen my part. I will remain here while there is one to bear me company.”

And the soldiers, under the spell of a conqueror of men as well as continents, shouted with him:

“To Mexico! To Mexico!”

This act of destroying the ships, say the historians, “in the face of an incensed and desperate soldiery has few parallels in history.” And with his bridges burned behind, Cortez turned toward the dangerous course ahead that he had elected to follow—a path that was to lead him conquering through the empire of Moctezuma and into the city of Mexico, the capital of the Western World.

Peru—to the Spaniards who had settled on the coasts of the New World—was a land of mystery; of old civilizations and cities; of great lakes and mountains; of rich valleys, watered by great rivers; and, above all, a land where gold abounded like sand by the sea.

It happened, sometime about the year 1511, that Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, discoverer of the Southern Sea, was one day weighing some gold which he had gathered from the natives. A young chief-

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tain, watching the operation, stepped up, struck the scales, and scattered the precious metal upon the ground.

“If this is what you prize so much that you are willing to leave your distant homes and risk even life itself for it, I can tell you of a land where they eat and drink out of golden vessels and where gold is as cheap as iron with you.”¹

It was sometime after this that Balboa scaled the mountains which divide the Isthmus of Panama and beheld, for the first time, the Pacific Ocean. Armed with his sword and buckler, he strode into the waters of this new-found ocean and, with chivalrous vanity, declared that he claimed it “with all that it contained for the King of Castile, and that he would make good that claim against all, Christian or infidel, who dared gainsay it.” Thus, coolly and in one breath, all the vast ocean and host of islands washed by the Pacific were pocketed for Spain. A large boast—that, but typically imperial and one that led to more bloodshed than Balboa ever dreamed.

Here, at the fringe of the Pacific, Balboa heard more of Peru—the land of mystery and of gold. Though he steered his ship for this kingdom of riches, he never reached its borders, for he fell a victim to the hostility of a jealous superior.

Some years later, in the little community of

¹ *Conquest of Peru, The.* W. H. Prescott. Vol. I. p. 197.

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Panama, however, Peru was constantly talked about and rumors of its wealth flew even thicker than in the earlier time. Cortez, by his dazzling feats of conquest in Mexico, fanned the flames of desire among these Spanish adventurers, and one day, in 1524, three men joined hands in a pledge that, come what might, they would penetrate this strange country. One of the three, because of his courage and resource, was chosen to head the expedition. This man was Francisco Pizarro. His two associates were Diego de Almagro, a soldier of fortune, and Hernando de Luque, a Spanish ecclesiastic and a man of means.

With a hundred men—a motley lot of irresponsible adventurers—and one small ship, Pizarro, in November, 1524, set sail from Panama on his first voyage to the South.

Three years later—and the solemn contract entered into by Almagro, Luque, and Pizarro was still unfulfilled. Expeditions had gone forth only to be turned back by starvation, storms, disease, and mutiny. Pizarro and his followers, now on their second voyage, were marooned on the island of Gallo, a short distance off the northern coast of South America. Their only vessel had just been sent to Panama for help. And the men on the island waited week after week for its return. They were half naked. The food gave out and starvation clawed at them. Panama seemed

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worlds away. The spirit of adventure died out of their hearts. Only Pizarro determined to hold on.

It was thus that Tafur, the agent of the Governor at Panama, sent out to effect their rescue, found them. His orders were to embark the entire company at once and return with them to Panama. The Governor was disgusted with wild expeditions of wilder men that brought nothing but disaster to a none too wealthy colony. And Pizarro's men, weak with their suffering, shared this disgust.

But not so, Pizarro. South of the Isle of Gallo was Peru. Back there in Panama, in a church, Pizarro had sealed a vow to find that golden kingdom, and no amount of starvation, no suffering, and no instructions from an irate Governor could turn him back from the quest. Pizarro would stay if he stayed alone. He would find Peru if with his own sword he was forced to cut a pathway to its boundaries. His men were leaving him. A favoring wind was blowing, and the boats were about to sail. But Pizarro, himself worn and haggard, made a last appeal. He stepped in front of his little company. They watched him—hesitating—as he drew his sword and traced in the sand at his feet a line from east to west. Stepping back and turning toward the south he said:

Conquistadores of the New World

“Friends and comrades, on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion, and death; on this side ease and pleasure. There lies Peru with its riches; here, Panama and its poverty. Choose, each man, what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the South.” And he stepped across the line.

And twelve others followed him across that line. The rest, with hearts less stout, boarded the ships for Panama. The sails were set and a stiff breeze, blowing north, soon bore them off beyond the horizon. On the sandy beach of the Isle of Gallo, thirteen men watched them—two tiny white spots—as they disappeared. Then thirteen men turned south to face an enterprise unequalled in the romance of world conquest. Without food or clothing, with arms unfit for conquerors, not knowing the land toward which they started, and with no vessel to transport them there, these thirteen men had stepped across that thin line in the sand, faced south, and entered upon a great crusade; a crusade that did not end until another ancient civilization—that of the Incas—was destroyed, amazing fortunes made, new cities founded, and the white man far advanced, for good or ill, on the road to the conquest of all the southern continent.

It was stuff of this sort—Old World dreamers

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and gay adventurers, strange seas and stranger lands, blood and gold, starvation and disease—that was woven, bright threads and dull, into the pattern of romance of the New World's conquest.

The doorway of the vast continent of the South we have seen pried open by the swords of dauntless Spanish *conquistadores*. Other conquerors—Portuguese as well as Spanish—pushed in after these first adventurers. In their wake came colonists, seeking to pluck wealth from the trees or, as more often happened, from the natives; merchants, who took, after the white man's fashion, and gave little in return; priests, bent on converting the natives whether they liked it or not. A long and ever increasing host of new population crowded through. Cities that transplanted bits of the Old World into the New sprang up. Nations founded upon Old World ideals, refreshed and modernized, came into being. The door that the *conquistadores*, with their swords, pried open was flung wide as it stands today. Through that door Latin America is reaching out to the world, and through it, the world, for good or ill, is entering Latin America.

As in those earlier days of conquest there are new adventures today in Latin America. There are adventures in commerce and in engineering and in industry. But more than these are the adventures in the great human enterprise of help-

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ing the people of Latin America, themselves, to build a new social order. For Latin America has been in the path of this twentieth century's material progress. Those *things* by which we distinguish our age from ages past have come in abundance to most of the nations of the South. As a result, Latin America is being driven, as all of the world is driven, to choose whom she will serve. Materialism, on the one hand, offers more wealth while paralleling greater poverty; a religion of possessions; a trust only in man-made tools and a disdain for the unseen force that created them. Christianity, on the other hand, offers no less of the good things of life but contends for the rights of all mankind to share them; and makes the test of progress not in terms of greater speed or comfort or efficiency, but in terms of better men and women.

This is the issue in today's Latin America—a straight-drawn struggle between materialism and the ideals of Christ; between those who would live to get and those who would live to give. In that struggle every right-thinking young man and woman is concerned, for its issue will determine the ideals that will dominate Latin America and the world for the next century. Into the balance in Latin America, as in every other continent, the resources of Christianity have been thrown. In the issues now at stake Christianity

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itself is involved. And because both Americas face the future as neighbors, the fate of both is twined together in this struggle—as their early history was woven into the single pattern of their first discovery and conquests.

II

Today's Latin America

NEARLY four centuries and a half after Rodrigo de Triana, standing watch in the *Pinta*, sighted the island outposts of a new continent, another voyager came from the Old World into the New. In the path of that fragile fleet of Spanish caravels that brought Martino Sanchez to his Great Adventure sailed the giant ZR-3. Along the route that Columbus sailed, driven by every variant wind toward meaningless horizons, a new trail had been blazed, a trail marked by wireless and weather reports, by steaming cruisers, huge motors and a silver pencil, with the speed of the fastest train, droning its way down the sky.

Eighty-one hours—Columbus took nearly as many days as this—from Friedrichshaven, in southern Germany, and the great dirigible was at rest in its hangar at Lakehurst. And the New World of the ZR-3, speeding down the coast of Spain to the open sea, was millenniums removed from the dark shores to which Martino sailed. In the early morning the great ship, trailing mists from the east, came and hung, a miracle, in the brilliant sky over New York City. Giant buildings—floor on floor—stretched their steel arms up toward it. Airplanes, like wide-winged wasps,

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flitted around. Its motors sent a rhythmic roar down into the canyoned streets. It dipped and rose and circled over the capital of the West, and from factories and steamships and thousands of people, bound for work, went up a medley of welcome.

Adventure, surely, was not dead, nor conquests ended. In 1924 came the aerial discovery of America. Now one may travel up some of the rivers of Latin America—along the routes that the early explorers labored over—by airplane. A few hours, whirling through space five thousand feet above the land, and today's adventurer may cover distances that required months in those early years of conquest.

Airplanes, flying along the trail of Quesada through Colombia; the ZR-3 in its Lakehurst hangar beside the Shenandoah; the pioneering squadron that found a way, by air, around the globe; millions of "listeners in" at tiny, mysterious sets that put the whole world chair-to-chair in a single audience—these are the signs—inescapable signs—that all nations and peoples have found lodgings in the same house—and a very small house at that. And for us—in North America—it is time to start to inquire about those who live in the next apartment. Some day—who knows?—there may be a fire; or a thief may break in upon us; or sickness may lay us

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low. It is good—and safer—to keep on friendly terms with the neighbors.

Now Latin America—who happens to live next to us—possesses wide estates and yet is as little known as her people are understood. To tell the truth, it needs some genius to popularize her wonders as Kipling has popularized the wonders of India. The real romance of Latin America has not, as yet, been discovered by the people of North America. The hidden rivers, strange, lost tribes, ancient civilizations of that southern continent have not been popularized as some day they are sure to be. It is plain enough, of course, that temple bells and jade pagodas and ancient junks on a lazy sea lend themselves more readily to poetry than rubber plantations and beef, tram cars and public schools and parliaments. The unfortunate fact is that—outside of poetry—we could probably worry along fairly well without the colorful paraphernalia which Kipling brings from the East. But we need beef, and rubber, and schools. They are a part of our daily life. So no one writes poetry about them. They have too much matter-of-fact importance. The wonders of Latin America, therefore, have not, as yet, been sung. But when they are they will make a real epic.

Latin America, if we include Mexico, South

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America, Central America, and the West Indies, covers an area of more than 8,000,000 square miles. From the Rio Grande on the northern boundary of Mexico to Cape Horn, the southern tip of the continent, is a distance of 7,000 miles. South America's largest state, Brazil, has a greater area than the United States without Alaska and is larger than all Europe without Russia. One of the smallest states—Panama—is twice the size of Switzerland. Uruguay, the smallest country in South America proper, has an area larger than England. The republics of Venezuela, Colombia, Bolivia, and Peru have areas ranging from 364,000 to 695,733 square miles—the smallest of the three being larger than France and Spain combined. Argentina is larger than the United States east of the Mississippi, and if laid upon the map of North America would reach from the southern tip of Florida to northern Labrador.¹

The mountains of South America are the highest in the Western Hemisphere and the Andean range, alone, is 4,400 miles long. Three rivers—the Orinoco, the Amazon, and La Plata—drain South America's Atlantic slope.

Much of South America is situated in the torrid zone and, as a result, its great mineral wealth of gold, silver, copper, mercury, iron, and petro-

¹ *A History of Latin America.* William Warren Sweet.

leum is supplemented by rich yields of cotton, rice, sugar, coffee, cocoa, bananas, oranges, and rubber. Most of the capitals of South American states, however, are in the temperate zone, and the southern part of the continent is as far from the equator as Labrador.

The Portuguese and Spanish explorers found two general types of native races when they entered Latin America. First, there were the savages—naked, barbarous, living, for the most part, on the islands and east of the Andes in South America; and, second, the Indians, who had built up—especially the Aztecs in Mexico and the Incas in Peru—a rather remarkable civilization of their own. In general, there are now three strains of population; the Indians, the whites, and the *mestizos*, those of mixed blood. Of the present-day total population of eighty millions some eighteen millions are pure white; seventeen millions pure Indian; thirty millions *mestizos*, with approximately fourteen millions of intermixed white, Indian, and Negro blood.

Here in North America we go on in bland ignorance of the world that lies to the south of us. We learn in school that back in the nineteenth century the United States, by the Monroe Doctrine, made a special preserve of all the southern continent—and let it go at that. Real estate developments at the north pole arouse more popular

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interest. Every now and then some general or secretary or ambassador goes to a southern country on a friendship-stimulating expedition and we all breathe a sigh of relief when he gets safely home again.

Go into the office of the news editor of almost any American daily paper and you will find that, with the possible exception of Mexico, the last "dope" that ever makes the sheet is the news—the real news—of Latin America. And the last place on earth—Africa included—to which newspapers send their crack correspondents is our neighbor continent. Of course, if there is a riot somewhere—if some Herrin, Illinois, breaks loose down there—we have it, with our breakfast cereal, as "another South American revolution."

So we go on, bound to South America as inseparably as God could bind us, yet relishing these preconceived misconceptions about our continental Siamese twin. At breakfast we grunt "I told you so's" about the latest "revolution," over a cup of Brazilian coffee, sweetened, perhaps, with Peruvian sugar; we walk to work on heels of Colombian rubber; dine on Argentine beef and vegetables grown in fields fertilized with Chilean nitrates; and then, like as not, in some moment of exuberance invest in a diamond—the diamond—cut probably from the mines of Brazil.

When the Portuguese navigator, Cabral, who

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put out from Lisbon in March of the year 1500, first landed on the Brazilian coast and, after the fashion of that and subsequent periods, erected a cross and claimed the territory in the name of Portugal, there was little to commend the land. And when, on New Year's day, 1501, Amerigo Vespucci, in the employ of Portugal, sailed into the harbor of present-day Rio de Janeiro and named the harbor the River of January, it looked much as many North Americans imagine it today. There was no native civilization such as Cortez found in Mexico and Pizarro in Peru. The inhabitants were savages. The country was overgrown with a dense vegetation. Gold was not to be had, and though Vespucci sailed for some two thousand miles along the coast, he found nothing of value save brazil wood, the abundance of which gave the country its name.

This picture of Brazil applies to present-day Latin America with as much accuracy as a description by De Soto might fit the Mississippi Valley of the present.

The harbor of Rio, in fact, is judged to be the most beautiful in the world. At the south of its entrance, as one steams towards it from the sea, stands Sugar Loaf Mountain, rising some fifteen hundred feet above the shore. Beyond Sugar Loaf, the mountains stand, tier on tier, dark with heavy vegetation to their very summits. The

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mouth of the bay is but a mile in width, but its depth is great enough to admit the largest ocean liners. Through this channel one passes into the harbor itself—a beautiful, placid, expanse of water fifteen miles long and from two to seven miles wide, like some northern lake, dotted here and there with beautiful wooded islands and fleets of vessels, large and small. Off to the southwest, extending along a great peninsula, lies the city of Rio, itself.

Rio de Janeiro is a city of revelations, of great schools and churches, railroads and trams, theaters and Chambers of Commerce. Its broad thoroughfares are paved and palm lined. Along the Avenida Central and other famous streets the business of a thriving, prosperous city is carried on with the hustling, traffic-jamming energy so characteristic of all things Western. In the shops of the narrow Rua de Ouvidor another pageant passes: women, gowned as in Paris, with organdies and colored silks, jewels and high-heeled shoes. Of an afternoon, with a brilliant sun slanting against the mountains and gray shadows lengthening under the palms, long, quiet avenues stretch alluringly to the hills, past rich chalets, where flowering tulip-trees are blooming and bougainvillea vines grow vagrantly beside the road; and at night, from the summit of Corcovado, Rio is a fairy-land, fragrant and fragile and

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sprinkled with stars, from the colored lights of the ships in the bay to the mountains that tower in the dark. This is Rio.

This, too, is Buenos Aires, although Buenos is no fairy-land—unless one could also call Chicago that. For Buenos Aires, the capital of the Argentine Republic, is the fourth largest city in the Americas—a southern Chicago without the smoke, with buildings of French architecture, and gardens purely Spanish. But though there is beauty a-plenty, Buenos Aires, after all, is less a place of gardens than of docks and wharfs, of warehouses and heavy trucks, of subways and great newspapers, of freighters from almost any port and heavy trains with cattle, sheep, wheat, corn, and flax, bearing the wealth of the Republic. B. A.—as the English-speaking inhabitants call it—is one of the world's busiest cities. From its docks more than three times as much goods per capita is exported every year than from the United States.

So, too, is Santiago—the capital of Chile. In Santiago there is the same Spanish beauty, and more of the Spanish languor. Less of the commercial stride of Buenos Aires and Rio, but more, perhaps, of social progress. If you doubt this social progress, I recommend a visit to the Club de Señoras. For beauty of appointment few, if any, women's organizations in the world equal it.

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And for genuine pioneering the club is notable, for it was no ordinary innovation to set about the task of bringing the womanhood of Santiago abreast of the movements of the present day. There are, also, great schools in Santiago as in all of these southern cities—the Santiago College and Instituto Inglés and the Chilean Pedagógico, a coeducational institution.

These are typical centers of the life of Latin America. They set the pace for the progress of the continent. And they walk—or run—abreast of the cities of the North, where a strange Anglo-Saxon malady has laid hold of a great nation and led to the misconception that no other people move so fast or so purposefully as we.

The political evolution of Latin America, from the time of Pizarro and Cortez, has kept pace with the material progress of the continent. It is significant that good ideas and good inventions cannot be isolated. We seldom think of that fact. Let a Boston doctor give a practical demonstration of general anæsthesia, and the world's surgeons soon put the discovery to use. Let automobiles appear, and before long much of the world goes riding forth on rubber wheels. Telephones, telegraphs, phonographs, tinned foods—no matter where they first appeared—have been put at the disposal of the entire civilized world.

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But when it comes to new ideas, we do not always realize how they spread to the ends of the earth and kindle sudden fires in unexpected places. The World War—with little question—was hurried to its conclusion by the force of the ideas and ideals of President Wilson, scattered across the enemy lines. “Self-determination” was a war phrase and most of us have forgotten it. But out in Korea, and among other subject peoples far and near, “self-determination” is a magic word that has unlocked doors of hope and aspiration. The period of the World War—despite the petty strifes and jealousies that clouded the atmosphere—was a period of great ideas.

It so happened that the end of the eighteenth century was another such period. “All men are created free and equal”—“Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.” With such phrases revolutions were begun; old monarchies cast down and kingdoms of the people set up in both the Old World and the New. And in the Spanish realms of Latin America, no less than in the British Colonies to the north, the passion for freedom—a passion that never downs—was stirring men to glorious mad deeds and epoch-making enterprises.

It is significant, too, that these enterprises, for the most part, were youth-led. In fact, through the whole history of the conquest and discovery of the Americas, and the revolutions that later

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set up free states, there run the fire and the courage and the reckless idealism of youth. The New World was conquered by young men, and young men laid the foundations of its free institutions. Columbus before he was thirty had his plans laid for his voyage, and the skepticism of his associates alone withheld him. Cortez was nineteen years of age when he left Spain for the New World and only thirty-three when his conquest of Mexico began. Quesada was scarcely thirty when he received his commission as lieutenant-general and started for the exploration of the river Magdalena that led to the conquest of New Granada. Our own revolutionary leaders, like Patrick Henry, were, many of them, under thirty. Miranda, the father of Latin American freedom, began his lifelong fight against Spain when a little over twenty. Simon Bolivar, the Liberator, when twenty-two years old "took a solemn oath to dedicate himself to the task of liberating America from the yoke of Spain."

Without the spirit of youth—indomitable and rash, thoughtless of the risks and, above all, unconditionally idealistic—the building of the New World would have been long delayed. And the new conquests in this twentieth century will come when the same youth spirit goes into action. After all, the real perils to human progress are the product of later life. And youth, aflame with

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some great passion, provides the only hope that the fires of inspiration, in middle age, will not burn out.

Spanish colonists of South America had no special cause for loving the mother country. Revolts were frequent, and the severity with which they were suppressed delayed, yet made greater, the revolutions that were inevitable. The crisis that finally led to the shattering of Spain's New World Empire and the establishment of independent Latin republics first developed in Venezuela. Venezuela—named as "The little Venice"—was well situated for this uprising. In the northern part of the continent the highways of the New World crossed its territory. Near the United States, the spirit of the American War for Independence electrified Venezuelan patriots. And among the restless Venezuelan lads who hated the irksome yoke of Spain was Francisco Miranda, who was born in the beautiful city of Caracas in 1754.

Young Miranda—after the fashion of the Spanish aristocracy—went to school in his native city and probably to college there. His courses took him laboring through the prescribed studies—Latin, philosophy, law. And then, at the first chance, he joined the army, sailed for Spain, and purchased a captain's commission in time to see action against the Moors of North Africa. From

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North Africa he returned to Spain, spent tedious months in garrisons, studied revolutionary literature, and ran amuck of the authorities. The result was that, after campaigns in the West Indies where he used his office as a means of securing information to help him in the revolution he planned, he was ousted from the army. Out of the employ of Spain, Miranda became a roving revolutionist, seeking aid wherever aid seemed likely; driven from one country to another; frequently imprisoned; always persecuted but never relenting in the Gospel of Freedom that he preached.

And Miranda's Gospel of Freedom received great impetus from the American War for Independence. Miranda came north during the Revolution. He caught a vision of the high idealism that animated the daring exponents of American independence and his own youthful soul was aflamed anew.

In London, so tradition has it, Miranda founded an underground society of revolutionists. Into the membership of this society came Simon Bolivar from Caracas, Bernardo O'Higgins from Chile, and José de San Martin from the Plata country. Night after night, in their secret meeting-place, Miranda infused these young patriots with his own zeal. The empire of Spain was tottering towards a fall, and these young hot-

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bloods, with no power other than their own high faith and courage, were to push it, crumbling, to ruin.

It was the ideal of Miranda to unite all of Latin America into one United States of South America. For this ideal he fought to the very last. When he returned to Venezuela, in 1811, and was made a virtual dictator, it looked, for a time, as though his ambition might be realized. But jealousies and suspicions arose against him. His cause was discredited. He fell into the hands of Spanish Royalists, was imprisoned, and later sent to Spain. Miranda became an old and broken man. His life, apparently, had been a fruitless one. He died on July 14, 1816, in a loathsome dungeon in Cadiz.

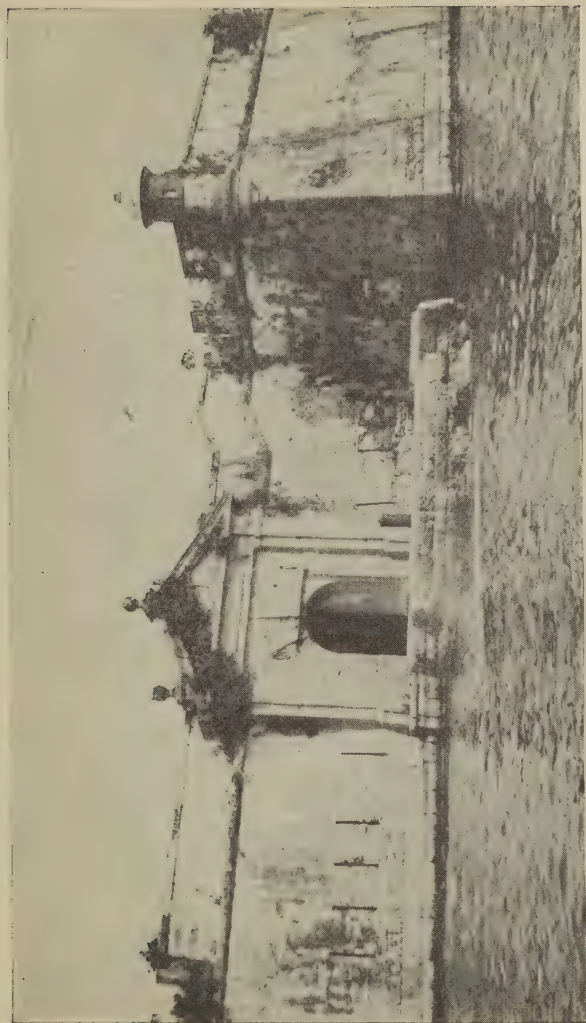
But Miranda's preaching had not been in vain. The seeds of revolution, which he had scattered far and wide, grew and could not be uprooted. Of those who carried on the torch that Miranda lighted Simon Bolivar is perhaps the most famous. Bolivar, after the failure of Miranda, took refuge on the island of Curaçao. There he laid plans for a march against the Royalists in Venezuela. Not only in his native country, but in the Argentine and other Latin American colonies, revolts against Spain were in the making. Bolivar's cause, therefore, progressed rapidly. The people

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were more and more determined to overthrow Spain and recruits for a revolutionary enterprise were not difficult to secure.

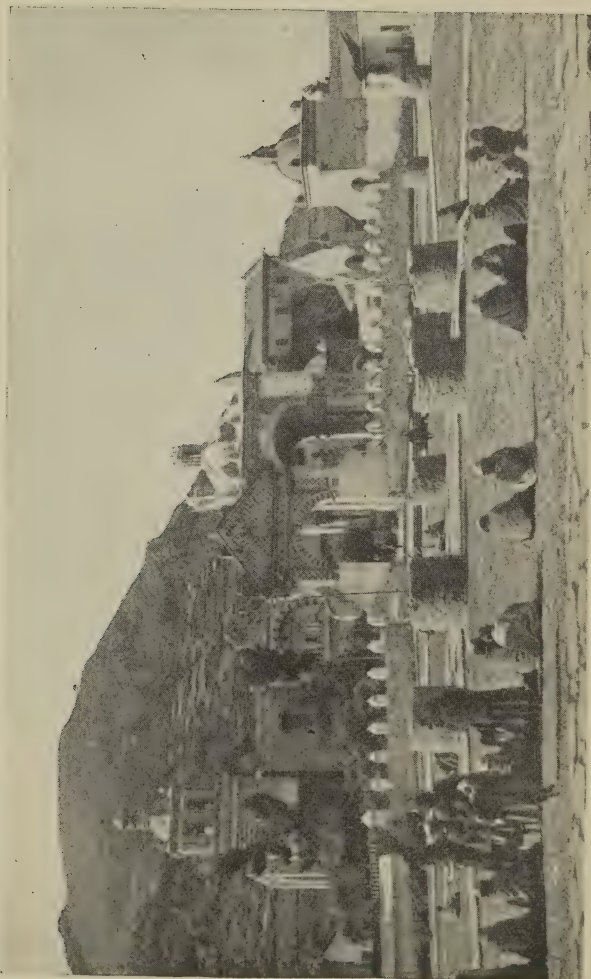
Bolivar, with his plans matured, slipped quietly, one day, from the island of Curaçao back to Venezuela. He organized a small handful of recruits in the first village he entered and with this poorly equipped and paltry force started out to destroy the power of Spain in Venezuela. His onward march was a triumph. In every village and town recruits flocked to his standard. And when at last he met the Royalist forces, the patriotic army could not be turned back. The Spanish troops were defeated, and on August 4, 1813, Bolivar entered Caracas in state. His triumphal car was drawn by twelve Venezuelan maidens, dressed in white and bearing the national colors. He was hailed by the exultant throngs as "The Liberator."

But his victory was short lived. The Royalists reorganized their forces, defeated Bolivar, and forced him to flee into New Granada—now Colombia—where he joined forces with the revolutionary party; and at the head of another patriot army he captured the capital, Bogotá. But other reverses drove him from New Granada to refuge in the island of Jamaica. And while in the depths of despair because of his failures, encouraging messages came to him from Bernardo O'Higgins,



SAN FERNANDO, THE WALL OF CARTAGENA

A PORTION OF THE WALL BUILT BY THE SPANIARDS TO FORTIFY THIS SEAPORT TOWN.



CHURCH AT COPACABANA

A TYPICAL GROUP OF BOLIVIAN INDIANS IN FRONT OF AN OLD ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN COPACABANA.

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the champion of Chilean independence, and from San Martin, the great revolutionary general of the Argentine. Bolivar, with a will of steel, refused to give up his fight. In February, 1819, he again organized a Venezuelan army and at its head defeated the Royalists at the famous battle of Boyaca.

Today a great rock marks the spot where, at the conclusion of this battle, Bolivar addressed his troops. And on this monument erected to the memory of Bolivar on the field of Boyaca are two significant inscriptions: "The Liberty of the New World is the Hope of the Universe" and "The greatest of men is he who knows how to win Freedom for the rest."

More than a century has elapsed since the battle of Boyaca, and today, with different weapons and on other fields, the tide of the battle for freedom ebbs and flows. As much as at Boyaca, great generals today are needed to direct this fight, and courageous men and women to serve in the ranks of the patriot army. The problems of Latin America were no more fully solved at Boyaca or at Maipo—where the battle that secured independence for Chile was fought—or on the other fields where freedom was victorious than the problems of the new United States were solved when Cornwallis at Yorktown proffered his sword to Washington.

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The problems of the New Latin America which we will study in this book were given a good general statement in the "Challenge"¹ of the Montevideo Congress, a great Christian Congress held in the spring of 1925 in Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay.

"More remarkable transformations are taking place in the social structure of the continent. Formerly there were only two classes, the rich and the poor, the highly educated and the illiterate. While that condition existed there was little hope for the solution of South America's many social and political problems. With the gradual development of the middle class, with the introduction among the laboring people of a new consciousness of their own rights, and with a new appreciation of social problems by the educated classes,—most of which came about during and after the World War,—there is a breaking up of the old fixed castes and today the social system of South America is in the process of solution. Among university students,—a class which formerly consisted chiefly of sons of government officials and members of privileged classes preparing themselves to continue the ruling and exploiting of the great mass of peon labor,—many have recently changed their attitude and are now

¹ This Challenge is printed in Bulletin Number 2 of the Congress on Christian Work in South America, published by the Committee on Cooperation in Latin America.

giving themselves to the education of the laborers and to the working out with them of a new democratic conception of national life.

“Large numbers of women heretofore prohibited from participating in the solution of great social and educational problems because of their seclusive limitation to their own family circles have begun to take a part in the discussion of the great surging questions that are stirring their nations. Many women have entered industry. Even the lower-class women in some of these countries have come into a class consciousness and are now educating themselves—often with the help of their more fortunate sisters.”

In effect this report goes on to say:

Most significant of all is the new spiritual movement. In the beginning of the history of these republics all of them recognized a union between Church and State. In other words, the Roman Catholic Church was the state church, supported officially and endowed with political power and privilege. The antagonism of the official church, in many places, to universal public education and to many of the democratic ideas that are making headway in several of these countries has brought about a separation of large numbers of the more intelligent class from the church. This so-called intellectual group, because its program of democracy is so frequently fought by the state church,

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has often developed a spirit of hostility to all religion.

A few years ago it looked as though these intellectuals were turning Latin America toward a materialistic view of life. Religion was scoffed at. At present, however, there is a marked revival of interest in spiritual things. It is more widely recognized that all life cannot be explained in terms of what we can see, and that back of the universe there is a guiding, directing force which men call God. Many of the great leaders among government officials, heads of universities, and distinguished publicists are now urging the necessity of finding a spiritual basis for national and personal life.

It must be said, right here, that Evangelical Christianity, seeking to bring this spiritual life, is confronted with a situation in Latin America different from that which exists in many other sections of the world. Evangelical Christianity cannot go to Latin America as though bringing with it a wholly new truth. The name of Christ is not unfamiliar to the peoples of Latin America, however much we may disagree with the manner in which, often, His message has been presented. The Roman Catholic Church, though it has failed, doubtless, in many things, has, nevertheless, helped to prepare the way for the additional mes-

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sage of a personal Christ which the Evangelicals seek to bring.

The work of the Evangelical churches in Latin America had very insignificant beginnings. There were repeated failures. Schools were opened and then closed. Missionaries went out in twos and threes and progress was almost negligible. But from these insignificant beginnings during the last century, a really vital movement for higher standards of life has grown. This movement does not—probably never will—include the whole of Latin America. But it is helping to change the “moral climate.” It is bringing added richness to the Christian message planted there several centuries ago by the Spaniards.

Meanwhile the Evangelical work itself is growing. In Brazil there are, among six leading Protestant denominations, 653 organized congregations; 65,705 members in full communion; 106,000 catechumens; 528 church buildings; 608 national ministers and evangelists; 190 candidates for the ministry; 800 lay officers in the Church; 167 foreign missionaries; 7 theological seminaries with 35 professors; 5,000 pupils in the mission schools; 898 Sunday schools with 3,111 teachers and 53,107 pupils.

In some other countries, such as Ecuador, Colombia, and Central America, there has been no such significant growth. But even in those coun-

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tries a definite Evangelical program is being carried forward through churches, schools, and Bible distribution.

In this book we shall have a good deal to say about the problems which constitute the challenge of the new day in Latin America. They represent the task of the Evangelical forces now at work there. It is necessary at this point that we should face a few of the general questions growing out of these problems, for which later we shall seek to find solutions.

First, there are the economic problems. The wealth of Latin America—how will it be exploited? Will the land continue to be held by the few or become the property of the many? Will an industrialism arise in these southern countries to condemn the man-power of the masses to the building of fortunes for the few? Will materialism dominate the economic life and will labor become the slave of profit? Or, will the principle of service in industry be established? Will industry become the agency of happiness and enlightenment? Will wealth, widely distributed, be made a part of the foundation of human progress?

Then, there are political problems. Factional strife, partisanship, and selfish ambitions have too frequently obstructed the development of democratic institutions in Latin America, as else-

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where. Leaders are needed who can look beyond the day into the future. Are these leaders in the making? Are forces at work to lift the governments out of the morasses of petty politics to the plane of ordered progress? Are these same forces working in the international field? Is coercion or conciliation to be the dominant factor in the relationships between the states of the South? Are armies or courts to rule the future? Will bloodshed or the council table determine international issues?

There are also social problems. What of the progress of education in South America? Is the caste system breaking down? Do the masses begin to share in the privileges of the aristocracy? What of the seventeen million Indians of Latin America and the thirty million people of mixed blood? Are there schools for them? Is society progressing towards a recognition of the principles of equal opportunity, or are the doors of hope closed in the face of those who are not of the higher social classes?

Finally, there are the religious problems. Superstition lies like a pall over many parts of Latin America. Religion, too often, has meant idolatry, ignorance, spiritual squalor, darkness. Is there a new religious outlook? Would it be better for Latin America if religion were done away with altogether? What part is religion

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playing in the new conquest of Latin America?
What part can it play?

Involved in all of these problems there is the question of the relation between Latin America and the United States. At present, in certain countries, the United States is widely looked upon as a friend. In some of the other republics, however, this is not the case. A century ago, when James Monroe proclaimed the doctrine that has since borne his name, the United States was looked to by the peoples of the South as a counselor and friend. The institutions of South American states were modeled, many of them, after the fashion of the United States. The Northern Republic had pioneered the way to independence and was revered because of that fact.

The Monroe Doctrine, clearly enough, was proclaimed as a means of self-protection for the United States. The encroachments of European powers in the Western Hemisphere, which threatened at the time, could only serve to menace the security of the United States. As a consequence, the nations of Europe were warned that any effort to secure territory in either of the Americas would be looked upon, by the United States, as an unfriendly act. For over a century, now, that doctrine, although it has not hampered the expansion of the United States, has kept the two

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Western continents free from the imperial advances of Europe.

Now—whether or not the facts justify the conclusion—the peoples of Latin America have come to scoff at the Monroe Doctrine and regard with a good deal of suspicion the nation that sponsors it. In Central America and in our relationships with Mexico, the people of the United States have revealed less of the spirit of the “Big Brother” than of the “Big Stick.” The special interests of the United States—interests in oil and fruit and wealth in many forms—have appeared to call for first protection and the rights of smaller states receive only a secondary thought. Rightly or wrongly, cruisers and marines have come to symbolize to the average Latin American the interest of the United States in affairs south of the Rio Grande.

No other problem before the Americas is more serious than this. The question of good-will—above all others—begins at home. No nation can safely go far abroad preaching international friendship unless it is able to live in friendliness with its own neighbors. Just what does the future hold in the relationship of the republics of the New World? They are the exponents of peace and democracy. Can they give proof, in their own associations, that the ideal of peace will work? That proof can only be found in practise.

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These, then, are some of the problems of Latin America. They are problems of the Americas and of the world. Here in the West is the great laboratory in which the experiment of free governments and equal social opportunity will be worked out. That experiment—probably the greatest ever undertaken in history—will require for its working new adventurers and will lead to new achievements—achievements no less thrilling and even more significant than those of Miranda and Bolivar. But there will be no final victory until together in the common enterprise the two Americas stand shoulder to shoulder.

III

Building a New Mexico

SOUTH of the Rio Grande,—from north of it,—“greasers” and cactus; sand and shale-covered mountains; dirty villages and children; squatty, whitewashed houses; men on horseback, wide sombreros, clouds of dust; bandits; tarantulas.

North of the Rio Grande,—from south of it,—soldiers and skyscrapers; divorce, suicide; riots, gold; section-bosses; a tree, a rope, and something swinging in the wind.

And one picture is as accurate as the other!

All of Mexico is no more to be pictured in terms of what one sees looking across the Rio Grande from El Paso, Texas, into Juarez, Chihuahua, than the United States is to be described by the accounts of it that one reads in certain newspapers or sees portrayed in certain movie films.

In fact, the average intelligent young Mexican suddenly transported into a Middle West community of the United States would probably have fewer surprises in store for him than the average intelligent young American, who suddenly found himself set down in Mexico City in the famous Valley of Mexico. The last day's journey from the American border to Mexico's capital is through a land of beauty and romance. Villages

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overgrown with flowers fly past like a southern California panorama. Before each house, however tiny, is a tinier garden fenced with organ cactus, where red hibiscus and pink myrtle grow. Atop each roof stand graceful Spanish urns. And narrow, flower-banked balconies give hint of many things—night, with the slice of a new moon tipping the housetops, a dark-eyed maiden and a black mantilla, a guitar and someone singing from the street below.

And the City of Mexico is not a "Capital of Revolutions." It is, rather, a modern city. Its buildings and its broad avenues and beautiful parks are a gracious mingling of French and Spanish architectural design. In the newer sections of the city there are many small residences built bungalow style, after the approved fashion of California. Trolley lines—the cars made in the United States—stretch out into the suburban districts, and in the city itself Fords and Packards—and all the lot between—race as recklessly as in the cities of the United States. With an estimated population of 750,000, there are said to be 40,000 automobiles in the City of Mexico, alone.

It is the Valley of Mexico, where the capital city is located, that provides the very center of the history of Mexico. The Valley is a vast basin about fifty miles long and forty miles wide with

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an average elevation of from 7,500 to 8,000 feet above the sea. It is thought that, at one time, the floor of this basin was the crater of a volcano whose walls were the surrounding mountains. Within this broad basin there were once five great land-locked lakes on which the Aztecs raised their famous "floating gardens." Now the only remaining lake of any appreciable size is Lake Texcoco, near Mexico City.

The Valley is completely surrounded by mountain ramparts that wall it in, snow-capped, to the very clouds. Above the range stand Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl—silent sentinels.

To this Valley of Mexico swept succeeding invasions. Down from the mountains they came—little-known peoples—centuries before the white man came to this ancient territory to call it the New World and claim it for himself. And each succeeding invasion, apparently, arrived at this garden basin and stopped. Here the ancient capitals were built, altars were erected, and rulers held imperial sway with all the pomp of barbarism. Three of these invasions—the Toltec, the Aztec, and the Spanish—are of particular interest.

Out of the shadows of history—shadows lighted by many and fascinating traditions—come the Toltecs to the Valley of Mexico. Some fifty miles to the north of Mexico City, sometime about 700 A.D., they built their capital city of Tula, the

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ruins of which still remain. These Toltecs—Indians, they were—are depicted in stories as gentle-mannered, intelligent barbarians; wise in peace, cunning and cruel in war. To the Toltecs, when their golden age was dawning, came a white man—so tradition runs—who stayed with them for twenty years and brought prosperity to their fields, wealth to their cities, and beauty to their hills. At the end of twenty years this white god sailed away on a raft of serpent skins, after telling loyal followers that at some distant day another white man would come to the Valley of Mexico.¹

But in time the Toltec's power waned. As the tribe began to deteriorate, other Indians, the Chichimecs,—a group of tribes much more barbaric than the Toltecs,—invaded the realm. After a prolonged conflict the Toltecs were forced to surrender. The Chichimecs began at once to adopt some of the more advanced customs of their conquered enemies and to enjoy some of the results of their higher civilization.

During this period, when the Chichimecs were in power, other tribes of Indians were migrating from the north toward the Valley of Mexico.

¹ This story may or may not have foundation in fact. But true or false, the belief in it among Indians of a later day helped to make possible the conquest of Mexico by Cortez in the sixteenth century, when with his handful of troops he marched against the empire of the Aztecs.

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Among these was one particularly despised. It was driven about from one spot to another and finally took refuge on the islands of Lake Texcoco. These Indians lived chiefly on fish and insects, and served the neighboring tribes as slaves. They were the Aztecs—destined to become the rulers of Mexico and to give the country its name.

Before they had lived long in the Valley of Mexico, the Aztecs proved their fighting ability. Sometime about the year 1428, in a great battle, they established their supremacy over the surrounding tribes. From then until 1519—when Cortez brought Spanish rule—they governed most of the territory from the Valley of Mexico to the Gulf, south to Yucatan, and north nearly to the Rio Grande.

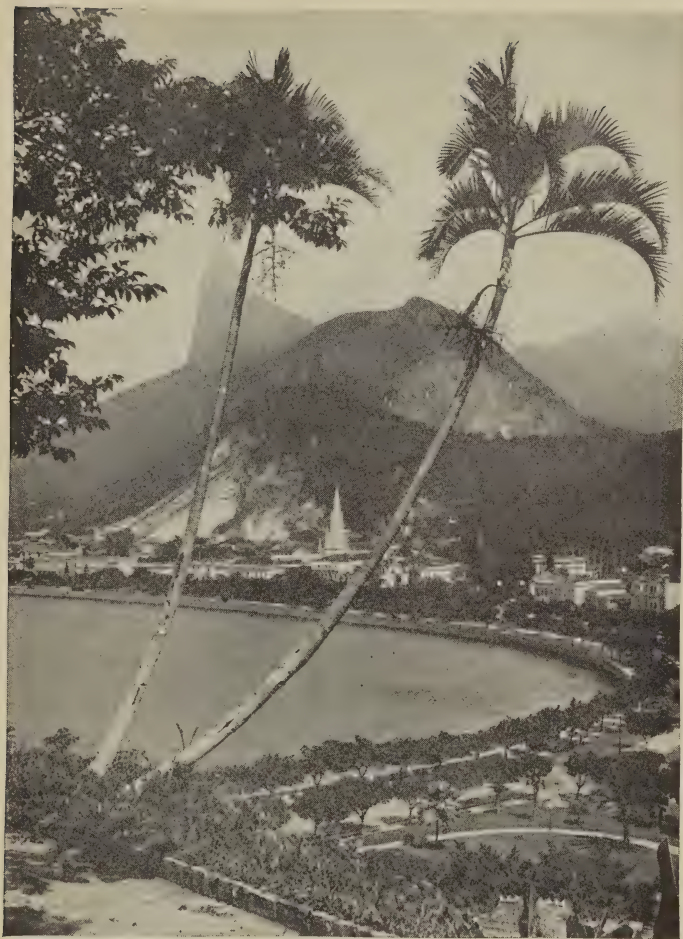
In this empire the Aztecs ruled and developed a remarkable civilization. Their trade was thriving and widespread. The City of Mexico, their capital, was an overflowing market where merchandise from many places was bought and sold. Beyond the city itself the land was well cultivated for these Indians were, for their day, skilled agriculturists. At the time of Cortez, the government, ruled by Moctezuma, was well ordered, having written laws and a judicial system which was modern in many respects. The religion of the Aztecs was exceedingly repulsive, however, and was characterized by human sacrifices. The Span-

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iards spared no effort in their attempt to destroy this worship. Many of their temples, however, with their sacrificial stones decorated with hideous carvings, remain as mute though eloquent witnesses to this barbaric cult.

We have already followed Cortez in his advance through the empire of Moctezuma. It was on November 8, 1519, that he first entered the City of Mexico. His conquest did not last, however, for the enraged natives soon drove the Spaniards from the city. But two years later Cortez broke the last resistance of the Indians, entered the city, made it his capital, and established the Spanish rule that was to extend for three centuries.

In the year 1821 Mexico became independent of Spain—but even now, after more than a century of independence, the hand of Spanish influence still rests heavily upon the country. Following Cortez, there came from the Old Country a long succession of Viceroys to govern Mexico. These aristocrats, frequently ill-fitted for colonial or any other sort of administration, hindered more than they helped the progress of the great Spanish colony. With them came Spanish grandees who transplanted the feudal system of Europe's Middle Ages into the soil of the New World. Wealth was amassed in vast quantities. Galleons, loaded with gold, sailed from the mines of Mexico to enrich the too often depleted treasuries



© Ewing Galloway

THE HARBOR OF RIO DE JANEIRO



CONGRESS BUILDING, BUENOS AIRES

LA AVENIDA DE MAYO, AT THE HEAD OF WHICH STANDS THE CONGRESS BUILDING, IS SAID TO BE ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AVENUES IN THE WORLD.

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of the Spanish monarchs. Pirates infested the Spanish Main and looted the cities of the coast. Indifferent, cruel, loving gold, and the things which it brought more than justice or human progress, these Spanish overlords living in licentious leisure left an indelible stamp upon the life of the Mexican nation.

Among those who came to rule Mexico, there were, of course, some who proved noble exceptions to this general type of selfish autocrat. The first Viceroy, Mendoza, who was appointed in 1535, was one of these exceptions. During the fifteen years that he ruled Mexico a great deal was accomplished for the people by measures that were both wise and kindly administered. The second Viceroy, Don Luis de Velasco, was also a just administrator. His action in bringing about the liberation of 150,000 Indian slaves at work in the mines won for him the title of Emancipator.

But toward the end of the sixteenth century there descended upon Mexico the influence of the Inquisition, and through two centuries and a half the persecutions practised at the instigation of the Dominicans stored up a reservoir of hatred that did much to bring about the downfall of Spanish rule.

The Dominican priests had arrived together with the gaily decorated autocrats who came out to rule Mexico. A great army of them came, with

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the avowed purpose of converting the country to Christianity. There is no denying the beneficial influence of those early Christian pioneers. Their courage, their unselfish zeal for the Church, and their ceaseless labors wrought much good among the Indian population of the country. This must be conceded. In fact, any other attitude is merely an indication of that inter-Christian hostility which today is a perilous obstacle to Christian progress. An open-mindedness among Protestants to the constructive, Christian achievements of Roman Catholicism in Mexico or elsewhere, is the only possible starting point for a fair criticism of the influence of the Roman Church. And in the early days in Mexico the priests sent out from Spain achieved much that was good for the people.

But Roman Catholicism has not kept abreast of the developments in Mexico. It is undeniable, in fact, that almost every liberal movement—political, economic, or social—that has arisen in recent times in Mexico has been obliged to face the concerted hostility of Roman Catholic influence. The old land-owning aristocracy had the support of the Church. When the Revolution sought to break up the vast estates and return to the people what was rightfully their own, the Church objected. When the movement to strike the chains of peonage from the masses was begun, the Church opposed this reform. The efforts to popularize lib-

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eral education likewise met with opposition from the Church. Social reforms—such as the granting of woman suffrage and the extensions of the rights of labor unions—were bitterly fought by the Church autocracy.

The power of the Church during the last century has endeavored to block, wherever possible, the advance of Democracy. This is not difficult to understand. In the foundation stones of cathedral and church in Mexico there is written the word "Autocracy." And religious autocracy has scant chance for survival in a community that revolts against political autocracy.

Thus, one of the first facts that emerged after the Independence of Mexico was declared in 1821 was that popular government would never stand a chance so long as the Roman Catholic Church, which claimed the spiritual allegiance of ninety-five per cent of the Mexican people and controlled two thirds of the productive wealth of the country, was allowed to hand down its dictates and demand compliance with them. The realization of this fact precipitated a real struggle. Catholic influence, moreover, was largely instrumental in bringing about the intervention of Napoleon III, who sought to extend the power of France over Mexico. But in 1867 the liberal patriots triumphed. Maximilian, sent out by France to govern the land, fell before the firing squad at

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Querétaro. From that day nineteenth-century ideas—political, economic, and social—were to have their first real chance in Mexico.

In our further study of Latin America we shall frequently come into touch with the influence of the Roman Catholic Church. It is needful that we remember the constructive contributions of Catholicism to these southern nations. It is even more important, however, that we know that in this twentieth century, in spite of the liberal ring of Catholic believers, almost the whole weight of the Church officially is thrown into the balance against the rising tides of liberal thought and democracy.

In addition to this religious opposition, Mexico struggles against another enormous handicap. The early Spanish grandees, whom we have seen come out from Spain to line their pockets with New World gold, were land-grabbers of the first order. In every alluring valley of Mexico and on every promising hilltop they sat them down and claimed, in the name of Spain and the Church, possession of all the land they looked upon that it suited their fancy to annex. That the Indians already occupied the territory was altogether too simple a fact for serious consideration. Consequently, most of the land of Mexico, even now, is in the hands of a very few landowners.

It is no exaggeration to say that for four hun-

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dred years less than ten thousand families have owned Mexico. By this "ownership" is not meant the ownership of the ward boss who, in our large cities, dominates a great population by his influence and political machine. Ownership as applied to Mexican land has been a personal, hand-me-down possession. Land barons were the feudal lords of the country. They not only kept the land—they also kept, in virtual servitude, the vast majority of peons who worked for them.

These *haciendas*, it must be understood, were not little homestead plots. In size, they were states—self-supporting states. There were some 300 of them with an estimated area of 25,000 acres each; 116 had no less than 62,500 acres; 51 had 75,000 acres; and 11 are said to have contained 250,000 acres each.¹ In the province of Chihuahua one notorious character is said to have patched together in one estate over 6,000,000 acres, a territory that requires eight hours to cross by train, and is equal in size to the republic of Costa Rica. In Morelos, 33 people owned the entire state.²

The measures introduced by Juarez, the "Patriot President," attempted to remedy this land injustice. But, with the lapse of time, the fervor of that period in the early nineteenth century was forgotten, and when Porfirio Diaz was made Presi-

¹ *Land Systems of Mexico, The.* George McCutcheon McBride.

² *Social Revolution in Mexico, The.* E. A. Ross. p. 82.

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dent, in 1876, a reign of despotism began that ended in 1910 with the land situation worse than before.

Between 1910 and 1920 revolutions and counter-revolutions kept the country in a state of constant turmoil. Bandits infested certain districts; scheming politicians, with armies to back them, infested other districts. The decade was one of strife and disorder, and there was little improvement until 1920, when Obregon came to power.

But the tide has turned. Intelligent and patriotic Mexicans know well enough that the country can never be great until the people own the land themselves. Conditions under which the peons were kept in illiteracy and bondage must be completely changed. And conditions are being changed. The new constitution of 1917 provides for the breaking up of these vast estates into smaller farms, to be turned over to the people. With this breaking up of estates, agricultural education is being introduced. The owners of the old *haciendas* did not live upon them and cared but little whether or not they were well managed. Mediæval methods of agriculture were followed.

Under Obregon, agricultural education during 1922 alone was provided for more than 100,000 Mexican children. In the *hacienda* of Chapingo an agricultural college has been established with a six-year course along the most advanced lines.

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Two paragraphs from the charter of this school are significant:

“We are trying to form here a nucleus of people that believe in work, considering it as the sacred and only instrument for human cooperation. From here there will go forth men, free and sane, sons of the earth to which they owe all and for which they believe they have the rugged and silent devotion that only great things deserve.

“This school holds forth a human ideal of simple cooperation and gentle comradeship among those that work the land without trying to push them toward the abyss of great agricultural exploitation which needs, to flower and prosper, the suffering of enormous multitudes of hopeless wage-slaves. What we want here is that the farmer be his own master, that he be a friend to his community, that he be the help and basis of the peasant citizenry.”¹

An important fact in regard to the land distribution must be added. This redistributed land is held, not by individuals, but by the community, in what is called the *ejido*. Thus, in Yucatan, an individual can neither buy nor sell this communal land. He has only the right to work the land and enjoy the benefits of what he produces. Up to a recent date more than one half of the villages of Yucatan (more than eighty) have re-

¹ *The Survey Graphic*. May, 1924. p. 152.

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ceived communal land. About eighty thousand heads of families will thus receive for farming purposes a share of community land. This program amounts, virtually, to the nationalization of land. It is quite possible that it may not prove wholly successful and that private ownership will eventually be established, but nationalization of the land has proved a mighty step forward from the old system of land monopoly.

Along with this redistribution of land a more adequate program of education has been introduced. Education is the key to almost everything in Mexico—as elsewhere. Until the mind of the people—the masses of the people—is lifted out of the morasses of superstition, enlightened politics or sound economics or real religion cannot be well established. Thus it is altogether important to know that, since 1917, the leaders of the new revolution in Mexico have decreed a program of education for all the people.

This is no easy undertaking. Aristocracy, whether social or financial, does not breed a belief in the possibilities of the masses. Many Americans who are in Mexico to exploit the country's resources argue against the education of the peons. The great landowners who still remain argue along the same lines. The reason for such confidence in the belief that the unenlightened can-

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not be made to see is not far to seek. Educate the peons and you will make them discontented with their miserable lot. Make them discontented and they will demand justice, decent wages, decent living conditions, and a chance to advance. Once such "impossible" concessions are made, the day when fortunes can be plucked from the thorny hands of the enslaved peons will be past.

But despite this opposition, educational reform has made rapid progress since 1917 in Mexico. There is a Department of Education in the national government, with representation in the Cabinet—a progressive step which the United States has never taken. Into the most remote sections of Mexico education is being carried by educational "missionaries," as they are called. The individuals are sent out by the Government. They are the pioneers of enlightenment. In some Indian hovel, with no lamp, few books, and very little interest, a government missionary begins to teach. The walls of the hovel are pushed down until the illiterate Indians begin to see something of the world beyond. Their interest is aroused. They want a school. Sometimes they are too poor to build it themselves, and the Government, though cramped by inadequate funds, builds the school. Thus by painstaking, village-to-village work the gospel of understanding is spread.

And in many small cities public libraries have

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been opened. Day and night—but particularly night—these places are thronged. During the last three years the Department of Education has purchased three hundred thousand books from Spain for these libraries. And it is not jazz literature that is distributed. Fifty thousand copies of *Don Quixote* have been purchased; twenty-five thousand of the classics printed; eight thousand copies of Homer were sold in one year at one *peso* each. In addition, over one million copies of a first reader have been published. And the Minister of Education recently secured a publication of a special edition of the New Testament, which was sent to every library in the country.

Another wave in this rising tide of Mexican progress is the growth of the power of organized labor. In the United States, too often, we have been misled into thinking of labor unions as anti-American institutions under the leadership of indolent rascals whose sole purpose is to destroy the comfort of the country's capitalistic benefactors. Nothing could be further from the truth. Labor has blundered. But the blunders of labor can hardly weigh so heavily in the scales of justice as the blunders of the employers of labor. And until labor took the field with an organization of its own, industrial democracy was an idle dream. The sons and daughters of the Mexican or the

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American working-man look upon the labor union, and rightly, as probably the most worth-while of all social organizations. That is because the labor unions, to the laboring man and his family, constitute the power to secure justice. When labor organizations are abandoned, we can be sure that one of two things has happened—either capital and labor have come into a state of such complete harmony that the rights of both will be protected without separate organization; or democracy will be on the wane, the voice of the working classes silenced, and industrial feudalism reestablished.

There are, at the present time, eight hundred thousand workers in the organized labor movement of Mexico. This includes farm workers as well as city workers. Heretofore, with the exception of the Roman Catholic Church, the army constituted the one great social organization of Mexico. The rise of labor to a place of power has brought a wholly new element into the social life of the country. The influence of this element is on the side of democracy and against the dictation of either religious or military autocracy. Whether or not he made a good governor,—and I have little doubt that he did,—it indicates a real step in advance from the state of autocratic power when a shoemaker, Gasca, not long ago was governor of Mexico City. Labor organized as it is in Mexico stands as a guarantee that peace and con-

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ciliation, justice and democracy, will have a chance in the affairs of the nation.

In the Alameda—the Central Park of the City of Mexico—there stands a statue. Its title is “*Malgré tout.*” Represented in this statue is a woman lying upon the ground. Her feet are shackled with heavy chains. Her hands are cruelly tied behind her back. She is crushed and helpless. And yet, the figure is one of life. Against those chains is thrown the whole force of this woman’s body. She strains tensely. Her knees bend as if to rise and cast off the iron that binds her. There is nothing sullen in her eyes—rather, the light of faith, a light that finally will triumph despite the heavy hand of the past and the shackles of the present.

This statue is a picture of present-day Mexico. A newly awakened people are rising from the slavery of the past. They are shaking off the chains which have bound them through four centuries. A new nation is in the making south of the Rio Grande. Into that nation there has gone the influence of Evangelical Christianity. This is not an incidental fact. It is a vital factor—one of the most vital—which will determine the Mexico of tomorrow. In the United States the influence of Christianity is taken for granted. The church is just around the corner. Religion is heard—if not practised—in every walk of life. Christianity pro-

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vides the keystone in the temple of American democracy. Most of us living in America never stop to realize that without Christian pulpits and Christian schools and Christian homes the United States would be a vastly different, a vastly inferior, place.

It is true as much in Mexico as in the United States or any other part of the world that national strength of the finer kind can never be found unless there is found also a religious strength that meets the practical day-by-day needs of the people. After all, most of us need some stronger influence than money or home or patriotism to keep our lives constantly true to the best. And when one reads history with care and not with prejudice, it becomes apparent that, despite its frequent distortions, no other force in human affairs has been so powerful as religion for the maintaining of individuals and communities at their best. So the new Mexico needs religion—not religion that decrees certain ceremonies and forms of worship and lets it go at that, but a religion that reaches out to the heart of the individual; that enters that individual's life; that meets his intellectual doubts; and, at the same time, gives him an inescapable responsibility for helping those with whom he comes into contact.

Now many of the liberal leaders of the new Mexico are frankly irreligious. That, we may

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say, is unfortunate. But it is a fact that reflects as much upon religion as upon the individuals. For the Roman Catholic Church in Mexico has represented the only type of religion that many of these people know. It is a truth that cannot be denied that the Catholic Church has consistently opposed the liberal movements for the making of a new Mexico which I have been describing. Coming into contact with a church that has stood against the spread of social justice, these leaders have turned from religion in disgust. And if we cannot bring to these leaders a faith that will prove a source of strength for their task of rebuilding Mexico, then we dare not criticize their unbelief. A Protestantism that fails to link itself with the forces making for a new Mexico has little business expending its money and its energy in the country.

But Protestantism is linking itself to the new Mexico. Protestant influence has been and remains a beacon to guide the leaders of enlightenment who are seeking to transform the mind and the spirit of the people. Let me quote one trained observer. Edward A. Ross, professor of sociology at the University of Wisconsin, declares :

“As one goes about visiting the public elementary schools, the eye lights upon much that is depressing. Rooms ill lighted, tiled floors broken and full of holes, bare splotched walls, poor black-

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boards, no charts or teaching apparatus, three children crowded into old-fashioned seats meant for two, no playgrounds save the diminutive paved *patio*, from forty to sixty pupils for one teacher, exercises disturbed by noises from the narrow, dark street. . . . I wondered whether it would not be better to let them play all day out on the hillside in the sun even though they grew up illiterate. . . .

“As one passes from such a school to an American mission school with skylights, bright, picture-hung walls, fine blackboards, gay charts, good wooden floors, one desk to a child, and only twenty to thirty children to a teacher, it is borne in upon one what a service the missions are rendering in holding before the Mexican masses an example of what a school should be.”¹

The Protestant missionary, according to Charles A. Thomson, “has made a distinct contribution to the functioning of political democracy in Mexico. . . . His schools have also rendered excellent service. They have built up a group which, escaping from the intellectual straight of authority, is set free to think for itself. . . . The Protestants in their struggle for individual religious freedom may have been led to a keener appreciation of social and political freedom. Anyway, in Mexico’s recent social revolution, 1911-1921, they

¹ *Social Revolution in Mexico, The*. E. A. Ross. pp. 157-158.

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played a part out of all proportion to their numbers. . . . The stimulation of social conscience, the recognition of social responsibility," is noted as a further achievement of the missionary. "He has proclaimed the responsibility of the fortunate for the unfortunate."¹

With all these constructive achievements, the Evangelical work in Mexico is very limited; but in every center where the Evangelical Movement is represented, one finds new light, a changed community spirit, an unwillingness to be content with the old darkness, and a determination to begin, at home, the big job of uplifting the nation.

It is no easy business being a Protestant in Mexico. Persecutions are not uncommon even now. Within the last year stories that can scarcely be denied have come from Mexico of the treatment of Protestants at the hands of Roman Catholics whose anger has been lashed by the fury of the priest against the "unbelievers." A young lad in a village north of Mexico City was stoned to death before the Catholic church by a crowd that had just come from worship there. Two other young Protestants near Puebla at about the same time narrowly escaped death at the hands of a priest-incited mob. In each case freedom was promised if these young men would profess the

¹ "The Missionary from the U. S. A." C. A. Thomson. *Survey Graphic*. May, 1924.

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Catholic faith. But another faith burned too strongly in their lives to be thus snuffed out by the fear of death. They preferred martyrdom to the betrayal of their convictions.

If we believe, as a study of the facts will lead us to believe, that Mexico cannot be remade without the help of a vital religious force, then we can see clearly that the courage of these Protestant believers constitutes the hope of the nation. Their courage, their unselfishness, their belief in the establishment of God's kingdom in this very Mexico where they are living, are filling a reservoir of strength upon which the country must rely for its rebuilding.

Here in the United States we are seldom called upon to give reasons for the faith that is in us. Even less often are we forced to show the courage of our convictions. The price we pay for our faith is a paltry sum. South of the Rio Grande are men and women who today are facing death as Christian pioneers. Dangers of that sort do not assail us. We are so secure that we become indifferent. But can our own faith survive if, having found religious freedom, we fail to put all that we possess at the disposal of those who are still engaged in that bitter struggle?

IV

Youth and the New Latin America

HAYA DE LA TORRE is a Peruvian. But he is not, at present, living in Peru. He is still a university student. But he has been exiled from his native land. He is not a criminal. But he is President of the Peruvian Student Federation, and as President of an organization so powerful he is a force to be reckoned with. When the Student Federation spoke out in no uncertain terms against certain measures the Government had introduced, things were made too hot for Haya de la Torre and he was driven from the country.

It happened this way. The Government of Peru, being strongly under Roman Catholic influence, announced one day that it was planning a great ceremony to dedicate the Republic to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The students got wind of this proposal. They opposed it. The Church was opposing liberalism and reform, and they refused to see their country thus acknowledge its servitude to such an organization.

So Haya de la Torre and his assistants wrote pamphlets. They outlined the influence of the Church in Peru. They proclaimed that this was a time to do away with religious and all other autocracy. These pamphlets they secretly printed.

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They concealed them on their persons and, of a sudden, in many Peruvian cities, the pamphlets made their appearance.

The people read them. The Government was alarmed. But Haya de la Torre was not disturbed. He organized a huge mass-meeting at the University. The working-men, in close sympathy with the students, joined in the affair. When it was over, they all trooped out together—to face the government soldiers. The soldiers fired on the crowd. A student, a laborer, and a policeman were killed. The soldiers rushed the crowd. Haya de la Torre was captured. The Government bought him a ticket and placed him aboard a ship bound for Hamburg.

But Haya de la Torre was not so easily deported. Before reaching Panama he had enlisted passengers in his support. He landed at Panama. From there he made his way to Cuba, where the students hailed him with enthusiasm and made him honorary President of the Cuban Student Federation. From Cuba he went to Mexico where the Minister of Education, Dr. Vasconcelos, gave him a royal welcome. Haya de la Torre today is the spokesman for the embattled youth of Latin America.

The fact that the spirit of Latin American youth is mobilizing for action on the serious problems confronting the continent is of very great im-

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portance. We have already seen that the conquest of the New World was begun and carried through by the spirit of youth. A little study of history will indicate that great Reformations or Renaissance movements are not initiated by men long past their youth. Young people are scoffed at and consigned to the antechamber of things worth while and told to wait until, in the fulness of maturity, they can safely be admitted to the council rooms where the world's real problems are threshed out. But it is a fact that cannot be controverted that the world's great decisions have been made and its great movements begun when youth has broken out of that antechamber and into the audience room and aggressively asserted its presence. So it is a matter of great significance that the student youth of Latin America is standing shoulder to shoulder in the fight to establish enlightenment and democracy.

But when you talk about the student youth of Latin America you include only a very small fraction of the youth of these countries. No chain has been so great a drag upon the new life of Latin America as that of illiteracy. No amount of religious superstition can provide a substitute for mental enlightenment. And superstition, too often, has held the place in these southern countries that education should have occupied. Augus-

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tin Alvarez says, "South America lives by lighting candles to the saints in order to see who are the ones to work the miracles, while it does not kindle lights in the minds of the children in order to illuminate the way."

From the days of Spanish rule down to the present period of Independence, education has been under the almost exclusive control of the Church. The Church, however, made little effort to bring education to the masses. Those who were supposed to represent superior ability—who too often were identified because of their social position and wealth—were given the benefits of learning. Popular education was unheard of and, when there arose new governments with the interests of the people at heart, the old forces that had sponsored the policy of exclusive enlightenment lined up against the spread of learning.

In every Latin American country, therefore, most of the individuals whom one meets in the rural communities can neither read nor write. Exception must be made, however, for Uruguay and Argentina, where persistent educational campaigns have lifted the literacy of the people to approximately fifty per cent. If one goes into a home—say, for instance, in the republic of Colombia—there may be eight members in the family. Of those eight individuals, father and mother and six children, it might be possible to

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find one who could write. For that in many countries is about the average of literacy, one literate to every seven illiterates.

In 1912, through all Latin America, only one person in twenty of the population was in school. In Germany, at that time, one person in six was in school, and in Japan one in seven. A census recently taken in a certain section of Brazil indicated that out of three thousand people only thirteen could sign their names. In Ecuador, for every pupil in a primary school there are two thousand people not in school. In the educational system of Ecuador there are no girls' high schools and only two girls in the entire republic are in the University.

According to the rector of an Argentine university: "Ten thousand persons do all the thinking and directing for the eight or nine million Argentines. Consumers of French novels may number one hundred thousand, but the readers of serious, non-technical books are between two thousand and four thousand."¹

The city of New York, alone, spends more money on its schools than do all of the governments of Latin America combined. Detroit expends more, each year, for night schools and playground work than does the republic of Haiti on its entire educational program. And in Cuba,

¹ *South America Today*. S. G. Inman. p. 43.

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where the United States, in 1902, left a centralized educational system, there has been a great deterioration in educational standards and in the work that is actually being accomplished. The United States, of course, has been at the job longer than these countries—but even considering that fact the contrast is significant.

The most aggressive force for the wiping of this blot of illiteracy from the map of Latin America at the present time is that of the students, themselves. This, of course, was not always the case. For generations the students have been recruited, for the most part, from the upper classes of Latin American society. They have always exerted a considerable influence in local and state affairs. But this influence, up to very recent times, has been on the side of reaction. Young men in the universities have merely echoed the disdain of their elders for democracy and “the masses.” In 1910, for instance, in the streets of Buenos Aires, students and workmen came into open conflict. Many of the institutions of higher learning were nothing more nor less than the preserves of reaction. So long as they maintained that point of view their influence for worth-while developments stood at zero.

The World War worked some transformations, however. The Latin American countries were not actively engaged. They viewed the conflict from

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afar. But its ideas reached them. And the ideals for which we believed the War was being fought caught the imagination of the youth of Latin America—as of many other lands. The result has been a complete transformation of student outlook. Instead of opposing progress and standing with reaction, the students now are probably the most effective force for liberalism.

The customary method of expressing student displeasure has been, from time immemorial, the student strike. These strikes are always accompanied by great student demonstrations. In the old, pre-war days, when the hand of the unchanging old order still rested heavily upon the youth of Latin America, these demonstrations revealed the hatreds and jealousies and prejudices which are the inevitable reflection of reaction. Great banners were carried, and there were shouts of: “Down with the Priests!” and “Death to the Foreigners!” But a new spirit—not of hatred—dominates these demonstrations. And now, parading through the city streets, the student banners proclaim “*Luz! Mas Luz!*” It is a revolution in youth-outlook that has led these students to demand “Light! More Light!” It indicates that a revolution in the whole Latin American outlook is in the making.

Instead of advocating and practising class conflict, the students have become in many places the

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spokesmen of the laboring groups. In Argentina, in fact, there is a student-labor movement. In almost every phase of Argentine life the effects of this movement are apparent. There have been riots and strikes and some unfortunate incidents have occurred. But, without minimizing the seriousness of these things, it must be said that no great social advance was ever made without running into the face of opposition which made such unfortunate incidents inevitable.

In July, 1919, following a series of student-labor demonstrations the Argentine University Federation was formed and a convention assembled to study student problems. As a result of this study there has been a significant revision of the university system. There was a well-founded feeling that the university professors were not adapting their courses to the present world situation. Now the students have the opportunity to help in the election of professors.

Something of the significance of this rising tide of student thought in Latin America is indicated in the reports printed for the Montevideo Conference, which declared that "as a phase of the almost universal post-war youth movement appearing in Europe, North America, and the Orient, the organized uprising of South American students is a picturesque and prophetic expression of a new creative will."

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“To be a man,” writes Ricardo Rojas, “means to be able to point out with reflective clearness the evils of our time, . . . to transmute one’s own discontent into constructive energy through a concrete ideal of better things, . . . to unite, with a manly will to work, a wing of hope.”

And the report continues with the statement:

“Thousands of students in the universities of Argentina, Chile, Peru, and in other republics have joined in an ‘idealistic fraternity’ which, though not without extravagances, has been fired by what one of its leaders calls ‘a noble dream of transformation.’ The movement has decried ‘parchment scholarship’ and demanded a regeneration of the whole system of higher education—militaristic, materialistic, and ultra-nationalistic—upon which, it is said, the older civilization, including American democracy, has hitherto reposed. It declares itself in revolt against the nationalistic sophism that the interests of the nation, right or wrong, are superior to all morality. Awake to the danger of purely utilitarian education that may ‘extinguish the sacred fire of souls,’ it calls for the cultivation of the spirit. Its further watchwords are peace, brotherhood, humanity, international solidarity, and service.

“Disclaiming against the ‘atavistic warrior spirit,’ the university men of Chile have issued a manifesto declaring that they would never take

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up arms against their Peruvian fellow-students.”

This movement, spreading to Mexico, has become an international organization hailed by many as the hope of the future.

Along other lines the work of these students is constructive. In Peru, for example, they have organized night classes for the working-men. Five nights out of every week representatives of the student organization at San Marcos University go out to teach from three hundred to seven hundred workers who have never had educational advantages. Students have been most active among the educational missionaries sent out by the Mexican Government to carry education to the remote sections of the country. No other group is so potent an influence in the development of better understanding, not only among Latin American nations, but between Latin America and the United States.

When, a short time ago, it was proposed to hold an international congress of students in Mexico, there were many observers who declared that such a convention could never meet. Prejudices—national, racial, and religious—were said to be too strong to allow any such gathering.

But the congress did convene. Representatives of twenty-three nations gathered there to consider the problems among the students of the world. The first resolution passed favored a World Asso-

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ciation of Nations. Other resolutions looked to “(1) the abolition of the present conception of the state where the few rule the many; (2) the destruction of the exploitation of man by man; (3) the replacing of nationalism by internationalism; (4) a continual optimism in regard to the solution of the spiritual problems of the world in spite of present difficulties.”¹

According to a recent issue of the student magazine of Uruguay, another student conference was recently held in Piriapolis, which was attended by youth representatives from Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Peru, and Uruguay. The manifesto adopted by the conference declared, in part: “Let us revive the spirit of association brought out in the previous conferences of Lima, Santiago, Buenos Aires, and Montevideo, which radiated the hope for a new era of progress; let us work together more and more so that youth, animated by the same principles, fortified by similar ideals, and embracing a common cause, may carry to our people a sane, noble, disinterested, and altruistic message impelled by love for public welfare and justice.”²

Now it is very important to ask about the religious situation among these youthful leaders.

¹ Quoted by S. G. Inman in *The Revolt of Youth*. Stanley High. p. 106.

² “The Mission of Pan-American Youth.” Philip Leonard Green. *The World Tomorrow*. November, 1924.

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And it is significant to know that, for the most part, the intellectual younger generation of Latin America is indifferent to religion or frankly atheistic. If these young people are atheistic or indifferent to religion, we can say that this attitude has been forced upon them by the religion with which they have been in contact. The Roman Catholic Church, as I have already pointed out, has consistently opposed political and social progress. Those among the younger leaders who have stood for political and social progress have, of course, incurred the most bitter opposition from the powerful Church faction. Consequently, in the minds of these young intellectuals, religion has come to be synonymous with reaction, with the hopeless old order, with the pall of superstition and ignorance and injustice that it upheld. To combat the Church has been the obligation of these democratic leaders—if they ever expected their democracy to triumph. That combat, it is only fair to say, has been carried forward with a good deal of intolerance. But, despite that intolerance, one wonders how a liberal young Latin-American could follow any course other than one of opposition to the old religious leadership.

Protestantism, not only in Latin America, but around the world, is confronted with no more serious problem than that of determining whether its faith is to prove a source of spiritual strength

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to the leaders of the new movements for social and international justice; or whether it will provide merely a differently named, but no more transforming set of dogmatisms than that which went by the name of Christianity before the Reformation. It may appear, at first glance, that this problem has been solved; that Protestantism already has declared itself, in unmistakable terms, for a gospel that, while spiritually satisfying, can be intellectually respectable and socially applied. It is true that many leaders and groups of Protestantism have so declared themselves on many specific questions. But, for the influence of religion throughout the world, it would be a tragic blunder to underestimate the power of those Protestant agencies that even now devote themselves unceasingly to the preaching, not of a way of life, but of a certain set of absolutist doctrines. Such agencies give confirmation to those atheistic and religiously indifferent prophets of a new world order who maintain that religion must be stamped out before the world can be saved.

In Latin America, however, as well as in every other country where Protestant work is being carried on, greater proof is constantly being given of the fact that religion can prove a bulwark for the new structure of enlightenment that liberal leaders are seeking to erect. To large numbers of students, Protestantism presents an altogether

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new religious phenomenon. Religion in terms of spiritual experience, education, and social service, as well as in terms of individual conduct, is not religion as they have known it. Protestantism, by virtue of standing for these things, is coming to exert a rapidly increasing influence in the life of Latin America—an influence greater than could be ascertained by a statistical study of Protestant strength.

It was in the middle of the last century that Protestant mission schools were started in Latin America. This was before belief in popular education had made headway among Latin American peoples. The masses were believed to have been destined for permanent exclusion from all the opportunities which education opens up. But the missionaries came combating this belief. They proved that it was unfounded. Small mission schools, established in the face of the most bitter opposition, reached out for and found the common people.

For the first time in recent history religion was seen in terms of education. And the educational work which the missionaries introduced was aimed not only against illiteracy. Lessons in hygiene were given; domestic science was taught; on a small scale agricultural sciences and manual training were introduced. Christianity out of a real religious experience began to be a matter of

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cleaner homes, better farms, happier and more intelligent families.

Now if you were to travel through Latin America you would find this work of Christian educational pioneering still going forward. There are great schools—many of them—in the cities of the South. No finer school, perhaps, exists in Latin America than MacKenzie College in the Brazilian city of São Paulo. MacKenzie College is interdenominational. The faculty is made up of men and women of many nationalities. There are arts courses, and there are technical schools. There is a school of engineering, and a school of commerce, as well as a preparatory school. The Brazilian Government looks to MacKenzie College for engineers in its great building and mining enterprises. Business men of Brazil have a confidence in the graduates from the MacKenzie College school of commerce. And out from all the branches of the college are going young men and young women with a new life outlook, fitted by their Christian training to be the leaders of the new Brazil.

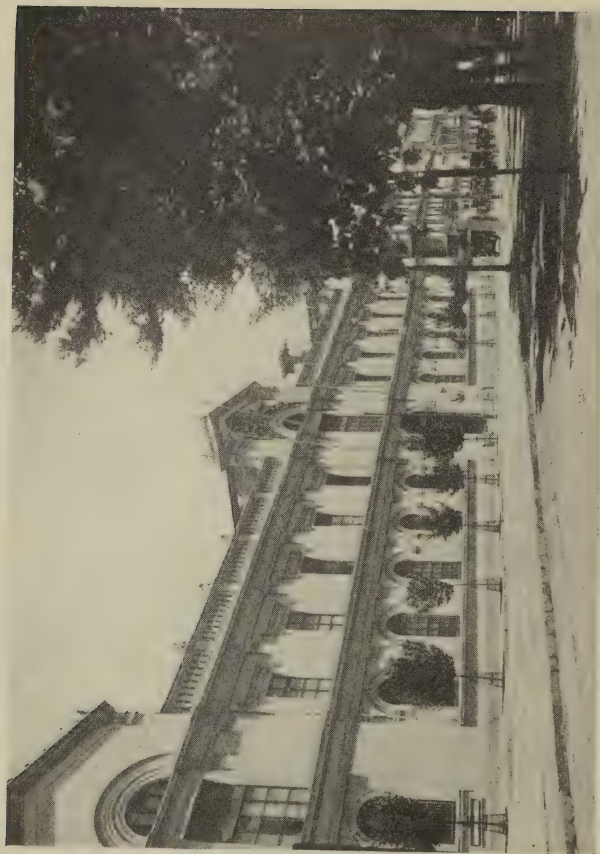
A new standard of education for women has been established largely through the efforts of these Evangelical workers. Education, as I have pointed out, was not considered of any avail for the masses in the old predemocratic days of Latin America. And, most positive of all, was the con-



Courtesy Board of Foreign Missions, Methodist Episcopal Church

SOUTH AMERICAN INDUSTRIES

ABOVE, IS A GLIMPSE OF GRAIN ELEVATORS WHERE TONS OF WHEAT ARE STORED AWAITING SHIPMENT TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD. BELOW, ARE BAGS OF COFFEE PILED ON A BRAZILIAN DOCK READY TO BE LOADED ONTO OUTGOING STEAMERS.



UNIVERSITY OF CHILE, SANTIAGO

THIS IS A GOOD EXAMPLE OF THE SIZE AND BEAUTY OF A STATE
UNIVERSITY BUILDING IN SOUTH AMERICA.

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viction that education for women was both undesirable and futile. The Evangelical missionaries came bringing a new gospel of the place of womanhood. And they gave demonstration of that new gospel by establishing girls' schools—where the girls more than proved their fitness for education.

Schools for girls are now scattered throughout Latin America. And a new womanhood is arising. If you were to visit Crandon Institute in Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay, you would find there under the influence of Evangelical missionaries the daughters of many of the most prominent families of the country. Last year, for example, among the students were the nieces of the President of Uruguay, the daughters of senators and leading professional and business men.

At Lavras, Brazil, the *Escuela Agricola* reaches a different type of young people. As at all these schools, religion is a distinctly seven-days-a-week proposition. It is tied up to industrial training. There is a fair-sized school farm and many students who are unable to pay for their schooling work out their tuition in this industrial-agricultural way. Such work on the school farm not only helps to meet the expenses of the student, but when he has finished his course of study he is fitted with a general education and also has been prepared to take his place more successfully in the community where he will earn his living.

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And the people of Latin America—particularly the common people—realize that this new gospel of enlightenment is for them; that its purpose is to strike off the chains which, for centuries, have bound them.

Teotlalcingo is a little Mexican village, with a Protestant church and a native Mexican preacher. Along with the church, of course, there was a school. But the number of pupils in attendance soon outgrew the room provided, and the pastor realized that a new schoolroom would have to be built. He called the men of the community together and they agreed that in some way they must get a new schoolroom.

"I shall write to the Mission Board for funds," said the pastor.

But the men of the church declared: "No, we are children no longer. We have learned to do things for ourselves. We can build our own school."

And build it they did. So now at Teotlalcingo a beautiful new schoolroom stands as a monument to the devotion of that little community to the ideals for which the missionary stands.

This Mexican village school is no longer an unusual institution. Up and down through Latin America, wherever the missionary has gone, there have sprung up kindergartens, schools, dispen-

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saries, industrial missions, churches. Men and women and boys and girls have caught a vision of the light that shines in the missionary's eyes; they have learned of a Great Master whom he follows. And from the day the missionary passed along, a new world of hope and happiness has come to supplant the misery and superstition and the dull ignorance from which, before, there seemed no avenue of escape.

No other influence introduced by the Evangelicals into Latin America has a more important bearing upon the youth of Latin America's next generation than the Sunday school. Now a Sunday school in Latin America may mean anything from a group of eight or ten children gathered in a corner of an open courtyard or squatting on the dirt floor of some peon's hut, to a well-organized school of as many as a thousand children, youth, and adults divided into departments and efficiently administered and instructed. The far greater number of the schools are of the more primitive type. But in all of them the purpose is the same—the instruction of the young in those ideals which Christ represented, in order that tomorrow, when they constitute the leaders of the nation, the Christ message will be made supreme.

And out of these Sunday schools consecrated boys and girls are going—who are still of high-

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school age—as young pioneers to open up new schools and begin the work of educating a Christian generation of youth.

Not only in the Sunday schools but also in the young people's societies throughout Latin America, youth is finding an opportunity to give practical expression to its vision. The weekly young people's meetings do not end with Bible study. Very often they constitute planning centers from which a very definite social work may be carried on. Bible study-rooms are maintained; there are hospital and jail visitations; Christmas dinners for the poor; night classes for those who cannot attend day-school. In a great number of ways the young people, in the church, are demonstrating their determination—with those outside the church—to work for the upbuilding of Latin America. And with this church group, the center and organizing power of their work is found in the person of Christ.

Only a small fraction of the people of Latin America have professed the Evangelical faith. But from a numerically insignificant minority an influence has gone forth that alone furnishes a basis for the conviction that the new democracies of the South will build into their foundations a spiritual strength without which the building itself will have been in vain. Latin American youth—assaulting the ramparts of reaction and selfish

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prejudice—are the heroes of a great crusade. The force of Protestantism is engaged in the same crusade. Soon or late, their victory is certain. Over the ruined walls of the old order the banners of “*Luz! Mas Luz!*” will be unfurled. It is the Protestant opportunity to stand finally in the council of the victors as representative of the spiritual rebirth of Latin America.

V

Señoras and Señoritas of the South

IF you were to travel up through the gardens of yellow poppies that furnish a golden border to the Chilean city of Valparaiso, up through fragrant peach orchards toward the Andes, to the city of Santiago, you would find unmistakable evidence of a woman-run revolution. Santiago is an old city. It is a conservative city—or was, until the women took a hand. Its Spanish buildings dating from the days of conquest three centuries ago have an Old World beauty. The women of Santiago, too, are beautiful. And they do things after their own fashion.

One story will illustrate what I mean. An American woman who knew well the conventional ways of the women of Latin America was visiting in Santiago. She paused one day at the corner of Compania and Ahumada, two busy streets, to admire the beauty of the women who passed.

“A queenly matron,” so the story goes, “who might have been thirty, faultlessly gowned, came towards us. I watched her as she neared the corner, where men occupied every inch of the sidewalk. I waited to see if she would step aside. She did not. When she reached the blockade, she flashed alluring eyes and with a smile said,

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‘*Permiso!*’ The men fell to right and left, and she strode majestically past. This performance was repeated many times. The magic word ‘*Permiso*’ gave woman the right of way on the narrow sidewalks. There was nothing humble about the Chilean woman.”¹

So many things are done differently in Latin America from what we are accustomed to. By that it is not meant, necessarily, that they are less well done. For example, if you were a young person—say from sixteen to twenty-three years of age—and had lived all your life in the North and suddenly found yourself transported to one of these southern republics, what would be some of these differences that would be difficult to accustom yourself to? You would find it perplexing to stumble from English into Spanish. The food, perhaps, would not all be to your cereal-for-breakfast liking. Neckties with the right stripes might be hard to find. And the barbers might not know the intricate art of shingle bobbing.

But of all the differing customs in the way of living none would be so noticeable as those which relate to home life. If, as an exuberant American youth, you should set forth to make the acquaintance of some attractive Latin American young lady, obstacles many and difficult would be thrown

¹ *Men, Maidens and Mantillas*. Stella Burke May.

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into your path. Here in the North, of course, there are introductions and introductions. No-where is American democracy more apparent than in the manner in which young men become acquainted with young women, or vice versa. That, perhaps, is as it should be. But it cannot be denied that both our system and that of our Latin American neighbors have their dangers. The greater freedom between young men and young women may lead to the excesses of jazzmania, as it frequently does in the North. But what good friendships would be lost if, every time we were on the verge of an acquaintance, custom would step in and decree that—before a word is spoken—we must rush home, forthwith, produce the family credentials, get them properly viséed by the proper family officials and—after interminable negotiations between the family diplomats—finally, with proper chaperonage, be ushered into each other's presence, there to bow and curtsy like a couple of figures in a mediæval painting!

With some modifications, however, that is precisely the process through which we would be obliged to go if we lived in Latin America. It is a necessity to have always on hand a good family and a birth certificate. As soon as a girl is born, a hedge is built about her and she is reared to womanhood behind it. The boys are not so unfortunate. They are allowed the freedom

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of the city—so to speak. But not the girls. Forbidding iron gratings guard the windows of the old homes in many Latin American countries. These gratings are symbolic of the seclusion in which, from time immemorial, the women of Latin America have been kept. Young ladies seldom venture on the streets alone. When they go forth, they are under careful chaperonage. Even though a young lady is betrothed, she never appears on the street in company with her fiancé unless an elder guardian is along as well.

Imagine the young men and women of the North under such handicaps!

Men rule supreme in the social life of Latin America. The world, including woman, was built for man, if one were to judge by these customs. Men are the masters of all of life. And whenever a woman of these southern nations ventures out from behind the hedges of convention to assert her rights, she realizes, in advance, that she must face the ridicule and the persecution of those who believe in the maintenance of a permanent male supremacy.

The womanhood of Latin America, of course, has her great realm within the home. And beautiful homes these women build around their own faith, self-sacrifice, and devotion. Everyone takes it for granted that the mother will be the embodiment of all the high virtues associated with

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family life. But there are few who dare question the man of the household regarding the virtues that he embodies. And as for equal rights and obligations between men and women, there have been, up to the most recent times, but very few to assert them.

This seclusion of womanhood in Latin America has resulted in serious evils, just as the freedom in the North has resulted in evils. But it is an undeniable fact that when men are left alone and their acts are not subjected to feminine criticism, they are quite likely to fall into habits of living and attitudes toward life that are not of the best. Thus, in Latin America, when a man steps beyond the threshold of his own home, he enters a different world—one in which he is the supreme dictator. As a result, in that outer world, beyond all feminine influence, standards—political, economic, and social—have been set up that could never have been established had women been given a voice in the direction of affairs.

It is easy enough, of course, for us to criticize Latin Americans because of this double standard. It is not so easy to prove that even in the United States and in Canada we are not living, in regard to many matters, under a similar double standard. No questions may be asked about the infidelity of a man toward his wife and family, in many places in Latin America. The infidelity

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of a wife to her husband and family—that is always punished. Precisely the same situation is widespread in the United States. How many men there are who, unhesitatingly, criticize a woman, but never submit to criticism for their own similar actions and never realize the hypocrisy of their point of view!

But, while recognizing that double-standard immorality is not by any means confined to any single country, the fact of widespread licentiousness and loose living in Latin America cannot be overlooked. The most superficial contact with the men of these countries brings one face to face with the realization that they are governed by different ideas of morality from those accepted as the North American basis of decency. It is not that we can afford to assume a holier-than-thou attitude. We cannot. America's sinning is too widespread and it is too grievous to allow that.

But to enter a South American city and, of an afternoon, walk down the boulevards, or to stand at evening and watch the surface life of the city is to be impressed with a languid looseness that, too often, is confirmed when one penetrates deeper into actual conditions. Men who isolate their wives and daughters from all free contact with the world do not deny their own immorality. While they talk about the sanctity of womanhood,

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many of them live in a manner that gives the lie to their chivalrous prattle.

The result of all this has been accentuated by the fact that, in many places, the Roman Catholic Church puts almost impossible economic barriers in the way of those among the poorer classes who would marry. A legal marriage—sanctioned by the Church—is frequently made almost prohibitively expensive. Consequently, many of those whose incomes are limited make no pretense about marriage at all. Under these conditions illegitimate children are born; little responsibility is felt for their care; the fundamental ideals of the home are shaken; and the community itself suffers a degree of degradation.

This situation exists today as a hang-over from the past. But there is a real promise for a different sort of tomorrow. There are revolutions in process in Latin America—many of them. And one of the most startling is the feminist movement. Because it is working to tear down the superficial hedges around womanhood and build up new standards of living for both men and women, this is one of the most significant of these revolutions.

In Chile, to be sure, women have been admitted to the universities for fifty years. There are some forty-nine schools, or *Liceos*, for girls, under the exclusive jurisdiction of women. There are, more-

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over, two professional girls' schools in Santiago and one in each province. At the present time there are over a thousand girls attending the University of Chile. And a keener, more wide-awake crowd it would be difficult to find in any city of the world.

Sharing these educational advantages has developed self-reliance in the women of Chile—as it is developing self-reliance in the women of all Latin America. The mere fact that a man is a man proves nothing to these women of Latin America's new day. And it is becoming increasingly true there, as in other parts of the world, that no public question—certainly no private one—is ever settled until the voice of woman has been heard upon it.

A visit to the *Club de Señoras* in Santiago would serve to make that fact very clear. The *Club de Señoras* is an organization similar to a woman's club in a North American city. But when this club was started in Santiago, woman's rights—outside the home—were unheard of. There was plenty of opposition to the idea of this expression of woman's independence. The men, of course, were dumfounded at the proposal. The newspapers, many of them, openly fought the undertaking.

“You are attacking the foundations of the home,” said the papers.

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“The foundations of the home will be stronger if women broaden their own foundations of interest,” replied the women.

The opposition continued. So did the women. A clubroom was secured. Invitations to an open meeting were issued. The men came with the women. And both men and women have been coming ever since. Art, literature, science, the problems of politics and of economics—all of these things come in for serious study at the *Club de Señoras*. And as a result, the cultured women of the higher class in Santiago have become a potent influence for good.

Another woman's organization in Santiago is the *Centro Feminino de Estudio*. This is a club of a more practical sort. Girls are taught sewing, millinery, and cooking. Other clubs, with memberships drawn from various social groups, have been established, and in all of them the voice of a new womanhood is speaking. And, to revert to the story at the beginning of this chapter, Chilean women can walk down the busiest streets, refuse to be pushed from the sidewalk by self-centered men, and maintain their dignity with a kind but convincing “*Permiso!*”

It is not alone in Chile that the women have spoken out in meeting and made their influence felt. Throughout all Latin America there is a

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restless stirring; a discontent with the code that consigns women to a position of domestic servitude. Particularly is this movement having an effect upon those women who are obliged to work in industry. In Latin America, as in many other countries, the United States and Canada included, it has been difficult for women to secure equal wages with men for the same work. In the Argentine, where there is a powerful Socialist workers' party, the women are openly agitating a program that calls for:

1. The repeal of all laws which establish a difference between the two sexes and legislate against woman, in order that the latter be no longer the weakling which she is today before the law.

2. The right of woman to hold public office and especially to be a member of any National and Regional Council on Education.

3. The establishment of special courts for children and women.

4. The passing of laws for the protection of maternity and for making legitimate all the children that are born.

5. The abolition of legal prostitution and the establishment of the white life for both.

6. An equality of wages.

7. Equal political rights.¹

¹ *South America Today*. S. G. Inman. p. 31.

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For a unique piece of constructive work I commend the achievements of the *Consejo Nacional de Mujeres* in Buenos Aires. Its representatives attended a conference of the International Council of Women in the United States in 1925. They have been doing pioneer work for world peace and this they presented at the convention. This organization has undertaken a study of the work of women in other lands with a view to adapting that work to the needs of the Argentine. But that is not all. Buenos Aires is a very popular city. Everybody in Argentina wants to live in the capital city. And a good many do. Consequently, the city is overcrowded and rents are atrociously high. The women of the *Consejo Nacional de Mujeres* are undertaking to better this situation. Further than that, they are opening up to women work formerly done by men. Imagine a city where typists, secretaries, librarians, school-teachers were almost entirely men. And if you go into a store in Buenos Aires and seek to buy women's wear—veils, lingerie, stockings—you will doubtless be obliged to buy from a man.

These are women's jobs, it is now maintained. An organized drive is being made to get the men into masculine occupations and to find for the women work for which they are suited. This may sound like a very trivial undertaking. But



GIRLS' LITERARY CLUB OF A MISSION COLLEGE



COLLEGE ATHLETICS

ABOVE, IS THE START OF THE 400-YARD DASH AT THE TRACK MEET OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE, BUENOS AIRES. BELOW, IS THE FOOTBALL TEAM OF GRANBERY COLLEGE, BRAZIL.

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there is nothing trivial about it. The fundamental question of woman's rights and the even more important question of woman's opportunity are at stake in this attempt to fit the women who must work into their rightful places in the economic organization of the community.

And when you realize that in Argentina, according to a report in 1914, out of every eight children who are born, one does not live to be two years of age,—or, in other words, that 43,800 children less than two years of age die every year,—it becomes clear enough that the job which these women reformers have cut out for themselves is a big one. It should be pointed out, however, that this infant mortality is due almost exclusively to rural and not to urban conditions. In the city of Buenos Aires, for instance, in 1919 fewer babies under one year of age died than in the city of Chicago. In Buenos Aires, recently, the fourth annual Baby Week was held under the auspices of the *Club de Madres*. The Government and the leading merchants of the city cooperated. Charts, photographs, lectures, and clinics all combined to bring before the motherhood of the city its responsibility and to demonstrate intelligent methods for meeting this adequately.

It is among the women, also, that the temperance movement in Latin America has made the most rapid headway. There is no question about

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the need for a strong temperance movement. Alcohol exacts a heavy toll from the life of Latin American peoples every year. No curse rests more heavily upon them than that of strong drink. As in every other country where the movement toward prohibition has made headway, the women are in the vanguard.

So important has the work for temperance become among the women of Buenos Aires that, with the aid of some organization of North America, a temperance building is soon to be erected in the center of the city. The headquarters of the Continental Temperance Society is in Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay. The headway that this movement is making is indicated by the recent visit to Latin America of Miss Anna Gordon, President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of North America. Not only did the most prominent women join in the reception to Miss Gordon, but also the most prominent men, including the President of almost every country she visited. In the great mass meeting in Buenos Aires the Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church united on the same platform in a pledge of support to the cause of temperance.

In addition to these economic and social advances, women are entering the field of sport. It is not recorded that they have as yet become so

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active as their sisters in the communities of the North, but their handicap was very great. For a long time any participation by women in games was viewed with scorn. Then, during another period, only the daughters of the wealthy could afford the leisure and the trappings necessary for these pleasures. Of late, however, playgrounds have been established in many cities. Y.W.C.A. gymnasiums have been opened. Some of the more courageous young women have taken part, publicly, in sporting events. All of this indicates, merely, that a beginning has been made. It is as yet no more than a beginning.

I have described the activities of the most advanced among the women. The vast majority, however, are still under the pall of superstition and of a mediæval social code. South America is the only continent on which not a single woman enjoys the right to vote. A long, hard road lies ahead of these pioneers who are determined to advance until the womanhood of Latin America can stand abreast of the womanhood of the North.

With these advancing hosts of Latin American women, there march a great many members of Evangelical churches. The influence of the Evangelicals is on the side of enlightenment, of equal standards of morality, and of those democratic developments for which the most far-sighted

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women are working. Thus Protestantism is one of the mighty forces in Latin America for the emancipation of womanhood.

To enter into the average Y.W.C.A. building in any of the countries of the South is to cross the portals into a new kingdom—a kingdom where woman is supreme, and where the finest qualities of womanhood are given first consideration. In 1920 the Y.W.C.A. opened its headquarters in Rio de Janeiro. Before the building was fully ready, eight hundred members were enrolled. By the end of 1922 membership had reached about a thousand, representing young women of twenty-seven nationalities, of nineteen religious beliefs, and of forty occupations. Camp Fire girls, Bible study groups, vocational courses, gymnasium classes—through these and many other channels of approach the Y.W.C.A. in Rio—as in other Latin American cities—is helping young women toward gaining a new outlook and a new life usefulness.

One of the most astonishing things about this work among women is the fact that all of the schools for young women are crowded to capacity. On every hand the women are demanding education. At Crandon Institute, for instance, it was thought that the new buildings provided for the future. But they were quickly filled. Almost every girls' school in Latin America turns away

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applicants every year. Parents who are not Protestant send their girls to the missionary schools because of the kind of ideals that these schools are known to represent.

This interest in education extends to the field of sports. In Lima, recently, the girls of some of the most aristocratic families put on an open-air demonstration of gymnasium work that astonished the exponents of social reaction. Women are taking an active interest in golf and tennis and are competing for places on the women's Olympic teams.

The report of one young American woman sent out to work with the girls of Latin America indicates how this seed of new understanding is being sown. This particular young lady was asked to deliver a series of lectures on sociological questions to the students of a certain university. The themes were chosen and the dates set. When the first lecture was to begin, however, there were no lights for the auditorium, and no lights could be found. The lecture and the series were called off. Roman Catholic political influence was said to have intervened to block the presentation to the young college girls of the advanced ideas of this young Protestant.

A little later this same young lady was asked to speak to two hundred girls of the Normal School but, to avoid difficulties, the woman in

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charge of the meeting declared that she would not tell the students who she was.

The report continues: "During August I had a weekly Bible class at the Y.W.C.A. on the fundamentals of faith. We used Catholic Bibles, and the discussions were most interesting and illuminating. Request has been made that these classes be continued as regular Bible study in October. For six weeks in July and August I taught the Book of Hebrews to a group at the Bible Institute. . . . Since July I have had charge of the Infant Department in the Redemptor Sunday school. I have acted as President of the Presbyterian Woman's National League and of the Spanish Club."

So it goes. A consecrated woman in a great city gathers about her a little group of girls, instructing them, understanding them, leading them out, until they are fitted to enter other communities and there become the radiating centers for a wholly new life for young and old alike. When one considers how wide the field is, it is apparent that Christian workers are tragically few. But one consecrated woman, touching the lives with whom she comes into daily contact can multiply her influence until, with an increasing force, the ideals represented by the gospel of Christ will advance to find acceptance in the individual and community life of these southern countries.

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In other ways the influence of Protestantism is touching the life of South American womanhood. In the Campanito district of Chile, Mrs. John F. Jarrett, for twelve years, has carried on with her medical skill, in the name of Christian service. Her story is one of conquest—a conquest even more inspiring, perhaps, than that on which Columbus and Martino Sanchez embarked at the end of the fifteenth century.

“From the early beginnings of the work in the Campanito district,” Mrs. Jarrett writes, “when people came in every Sunday from miles around, some on foot, some on burros, some on the shoulders of friends and relatives, I feel confident that fruit has been borne, even though tradition and age-long habit of mind have not permitted the people to make open and united acknowledgment of their Savior.”

Many stories have been told of this Christian work for the women of Latin America. One more needs to be told here. This is a very commonplace sort of story. Its scene is in Peru—in a girls' school in Lima. The Lima High School is not particularly distinctive, perhaps, among missionary schools for girls. There are many such institutions in Latin America. So when you read this story, as it is told by another, just realize that, in other countries of the South, other schools are training girls like Eudisia to

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Christian womanhood. So the story reaches us:

“Saturday morning in the Lima High School—Saturday morning filled with the tasks of home and non-academic duties and in the *internado* of twelve laughing girls, each one had her special chore. While I sat at my desk writing, I smiled in amusement as I caught snatches of their girl-ish bantering. Presently above the trill of laughter and the clatter of porcelain pitchers and bowls in the adjoining bathroom, there came a song, ‘Thou my everlasting portion, more than friend or life to me.’ It was Eudisia who sang. A child happy and beautiful, filled by a love beyond her dreaming, Eudisia with a voice of youth and springtime sang with notes of clearness and ineffable tenderness to the end, ‘Then the gate of life eternal, may I enter, Lord, with thee.’

“Two years ago, Eudisia and her sister, Amabilia, came to us from their father’s large *hacienda*. There many Indians and slave-girls had answered their every whim. The contrast was great and the adjustment rather difficult when the heiresses of vast *haciendas* and rich silver mines were placed without maid or servant in a school where daily chores of bed-making, sweeping, dusting, and care of the dormitories and bathroom were a part of the daily curriculum. At first, there were storms of passion with the stamping of small feet and bursts of uncontrolled weep-

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ing; then, fits of sulkiness when the set of the pretty mouth and toss of the head said only too plainly, 'I won't do it!' But time and association alleviated the horrors, and today Eudisia with a smile on her lips and a song in her heart wants to do her part. |

"While I have been recounting this little measure of progress, she has passed from one grand old hymn to another without a false note or faltering word—'Jesus calls us o'er the tumult' and 'Glorious things of thee are spoken.' Then it was, 'O Jesus, I have promised,' and 'O Master, let me walk with Thee.' Now, above the intensity of her scouring, the faintest whisper sounds, and like an echo transmuted in super-air the message of her new life bursts forth—'There is sunshine in my soul today!' " ¹

Thus a new womanhood is coming to these southern republics. It is coming because the spirit of the Man who was the Son of God is finding representatives among courageous men and women who are giving of themselves—as He gave Himself—in order that darkened streets may be made light; and filthy homes made pure; and wretched people shown the light; and selfish people, who have wealth and power, brought to know the obligation and the joy of Christian service.

¹ "A Bit of Spanish Shawl." Martha C. Hartman. A leaflet published by the Woman's Foreign Mission Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Boston. Price, 8 cents.

VI

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WE have seen a good bit of Latin America along the boulevards. We have gone through the wide thoroughfares of the hustling, crowded cities of the South and out into quiet roads to the gardened countrysides surrounding them. We have found our way to a vantage point from which we have watched the new tides of life and thought that are flowing along the streets of these southern nations. While we looked on, the walls of prejudice and caste that surrounded the old universities have begun to crumble away under the assaults of youthful crusaders out to make learning not a tool of indolent aristocracy but a means for social service. From the homes of Latin America we have seen a new womanhood emerge—disdainful of the superficial hedges of convention and determined that the voice of womanhood shall be heard for the building of a new order of home and community life. As we have watched, something of the new life of Latin America has passed in review before us. And in all this that we have seen Christianity is playing an increasing part.

But Latin America is more than this vital moving picture that one sees along its boulevards.

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There is another—a more ancient—Latin America. We may perhaps have noticed the representatives of this other Latin America in the market-places of the cities we visited. They come there to sell strange hand-woven cloths, or pottery made on a wheel as in the time of Jeremiah. We may, too, have seen these Indians—the other Latin Americans—doing the day labor of city communities. Much of the work, skilled and unskilled, is performed by Indians. Their hands till the fields and their sickles reap the harvests. Hovels and *paoaces* are built with the sun-dried brick that the Indians mold. The wealth that comes from the mine is of their digging; the highways, the bridges, the railroads, are of their building. In the homes of the South it is, usually, an Indian who collects the fuel, cooks the food, carries the water, and performs most other domestic services. But, though we have come into contact with the Indians in the great cities of the South where they are so essential a part of the industrial life, we have not really learned of them unless we have visited their villages in the little-known interior of the continent.

So scattered are the Indians, so inaccessible are their villages, and so unimportant have they been considered by their Spanish overlords that no census has been taken of them. It is said, however, that there are nearly ten millions of these

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first South Americans. They are found, most of them, in remote districts along that line of mountain range that extends from northern Mexico, south along the Pacific seaboard, down to the tip of Patagonia, and also in the forest lowlands.

We make a serious mistake if we consider that these Indians are, uniformly, unintelligent savages living in squalor and in superstition. Many of the leading statesmen of Latin America, many of the continent's greatest poets and artists have been of Indian blood. They have gloried in this fact. To them, the blood of the Indians is a link with ancient glories and ancient civilizations that rose long before the Spanish *conquistadores* invaded the New World. As Indians, they look with disdain upon the superficial and supercilious attitude of those who, in more recent times, came to rule and to oppress.

Even aside from these distinguished Indians who have risen to fame in Latin America, the Indians, in general, represent a very high order of human being. The Incas in Peru and the Mayas in Mexico built up a civilization equal, in most respects, to that of the Spaniards who destroyed it. In fact, the tremendous advantage of the Spaniards because of their knowledge of firearms and the use of horses, constituted, perhaps, their chief point of superiority over the Indians. And now, in this twentieth century, knowledge of

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the use of firearms can hardly be called one of the worthy attributes of civilization.

But to the Spaniard—as to other conquering races—the native is an inferior. The Indian of Latin America is either spurned or enslaved by the Spanish-speaking peoples. When the white man came to the New World he quickly enslaved the Indians. They were made the hewers of wood and the drawers of water for the invaders. They were herded like cattle, and driven like cattle, and given an animal status in the social scale. Four centuries of such oppression broke the high spirit of the Indians. Even those races that, of their own strength, had built civilizations, reared great cities, cut highways through the mountains, and woven together a great fabric of culture and commerce were broken under this tyranny. In their own land, and in the midst of the crumbled ruins of their own greatness, they became wretched, outcast, and the tools of their exploiters.

Today one may go into a Latin American village and ask a *Ladino*—one of the Spanish-speaking class—how many people live there and the reply, doubtless, will be, “Oh, about so many *people*.” And then, as a second thought, “Of course there are a certain number of Indians in addition to the people.”

Indians, in other words, are not really people. They represent a lower order of creation. They

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are often called *Indio bruto* (low down Indian).

Before we accept this point of view—which is the characteristic point of view of a conquering race toward those whom it has conquered—let us recall the two facts to which I have already referred. First, the Indians at one time were great enough to develop a high civilization of their own. Second, their decline from greatness has come about less because of their own inferiority than because of the superior force represented by those who overcame them and the measures by which the conquerors kept them in servitude.

And today, in the centers of the old Inca and Maya culture, and in sections of Latin America where they never made such progress, the Indians are a neglected and backward people. The highland Indians, of course, are much more advanced and much more easily reached and helped than the lowland. It was among the highland Indians that the old civilizations grew. The lowland Indians, on the other hand, are largely uncivilized. They inhabit those unknown empires of forest and grass lands around the headwaters of the Amazon and La Plata rivers, the coastal regions of the Caribbean and the extreme southern end of the continent, as well as the humid sections of Ecuador and Colombia.¹

¹ "Indians of Latin America." Committee on Cooperation in Latin America.

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The Indians of Latin America are very different from those of North America. Originally the North American Indian, very often, was indolent and warlike. He proceeded on the assumption that work was not for men, and, therefore, he allowed the women to do it. The Latin American Indian, on the other hand, aside from the industrial work already mentioned, is an agriculturist. In many sections of the South these Indians are maintained practically as serfs on large estates. Elsewhere they live in independent communities. Both men and women are hard workers. The men work in the fields, and the women grind the corn and care for the home and children. They are pacific and cannot be made to fight except under the greatest provocation. Latin America is known in North America as a territory of many wars and revolutions. But it is significant that these disturbances, with very few exceptions, have been brought about by the Spanish-speaking invaders.

The social life of the average Indian community is but little changed from the days before the white man came. With the military, there came, as we have seen, the religious invasion of Latin America. The Indians were allowed to choose between Christianity and slavery. Many of them refused to abandon their old beliefs for the faith of their conquerors and, as a conse-

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quence, they were branded and sold. Those who accepted the faith and the baptism of the Roman Catholics were little disturbed in the form of their life. Their social organization—largely communal in nature—was maintained. Frequently the Spanish governors aided them in the formation of a more effective organization. This, obviously, was good business. The more prosperous the community, the more taxes could be levied against it and the more indolent overlords it could support.

At the basis of the social organization among the Indians is the family unit. Family life, in many respects, is very stable among the Indians. Their customs are as unusual as they are ancient. Dr. Paul Burgess, who knows intimately the life among the Indians, describes one custom prevalent in a certain tribe relating to the winning—the “roping” would be better—of a wife.

When a young man falls in love, the manner of his proposal is something like this. He hides in the bushes along the path that leads from the home of his sweetheart to the village fountain. When she passes by,—the water-jar on her head,—he throws a lasso, catches her water jar, and brings it crashing to the ground.

The father of the young girl is immediately notified. He, in great anger, at once calls the father of the young man. Her father demands

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of his father an explanation of the broken water-jar. The young man, thereupon, is called into the conference. The reason for the broken water-jar is demanded of him. He then confesses his love. His father supports the son and gives him a strong parental recommendation. The girl's father, however, begins to relate the difficulties and the expenses—particularly the expenses—involved in bringing up so fine a daughter as his. Though he professes no willingness to oppose a real affair of love, he is insistent that some return be made on his investment. Terms are arranged. The young man agrees to serve his father-in-law for a period of months; or to cut him a certain measure of wood; or, perhaps, pay him a certain amount in sheep or hogs or actual cash.

After the marriage, the new couple—daring all perils—live with the parents of the bridegroom. Later in life they establish their own home. While living with the parents-in-law, however, the bride is made strictly accountable to her mother-in-law. And the whole life of the family is organized around its head—the father, who is guide and counselor, judge and tyrant.

Above the family there stands the commune. The commune is organized on the general principle of the *ejido*, which we referred to in discussing Mexico. The community owns a certain

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tract of land and this is distributed for the use, not the ownership, of certain families. Redistribution takes place every few years in order to prevent the acquisition, by any family, of any particularly valuable section of the communal territory.

Very often the increase of population in a commune makes support impossible on the amount of land that is owned and, as a consequence, certain members of the community are obliged to hire themselves out to the Spanish overlords. This is the way in which the peonage system originated. The Indians receive pay in advance for the work they are to do. The rate of pay is so low that the Indian, once the debt he incurred when he started working is paid off, is confronted with a larger debt, which is a result of the amount expended by the landlord for his support, or the amount borrowed to buy from the landlord's store. Since, with very few exceptions, the Indian is unable to pay his debt, he becomes the property of his master. If the landlord wishes to dispose of him, he merely sells the debt to some other landlord and the Indian is thus sold back and forth as any other live stock.

Within the independent, land-holding communes, however, government is left, at least in its smaller and local details, to the members of the commune. The governing body is made up

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of the "Principal Men"—a sort of Council of Elders. These men are elected by popular vote—all males being eligible to participate. The Principal Men group carries on the general affairs of the communities, settles disputes, and appoints judges.

Economic life in these communes is in a very crude state of development. The customary machinery for cultivation of the fields is the *azadon*, a large and exceedingly awkward hoe. The customary machinery for harvesting is the hand sickle. Dr. Burgess tells of a friend who secured a large tract of land—some three or four hundred acres—and proceeded to grow wheat upon it. He proposed, moreover, to cultivate the tract with modern machinery. Consequently he invaded the territory with mules, a McCormick reaper and binder, and a threshing machine.

Some three or four years later Dr. Burgess traveled through this territory at harvest time. The reaper and the binder, he discovered, were standing, rusting, in the shed and the fields were being cut by Indian women using hand sickles. When Dr. Burgess requested an explanation from his friend he was told that it had been found cheaper to pay Indian women to harvest the grain with sickles than to purchase twine for the reaper and binder, and in addition the cost of the upkeep of the mules was also saved.

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Transportation, among the Indians, is as crude as their methods of farming. The Indians' back provides the only available freight car. And atop this vehicle the average Indian can transport more than the average load. Dr. Burgess relates that on one occasion he arrived at the end of a railroad line some thirty miles distant from his destination. He had a trunk that weighed at least two hundred pounds. He hired an Indian. The Indian hoisted the trunk to his back, carried it for those thirty miles, rising, in that distance, some six thousand feet above the starting point, and delivered it at the end of the journey for a sum of about one and one-half dollars.

Throughout the interior of the southern continent, wherever there is an Indian population, it is a common sight to see the Indian traveling salesman, his pack upon his back, making his way from village to village. Every conceivable thing is carried in these loads—from pottery and homespun clothes to eggs and live stock. And in every Indian market-place these drummers barter and exchange, using very little cash but dealing almost altogether by trades.

It is in regard to religion, perhaps, that the Indians of Latin America are most degraded. Outwardly most of them have been baptized into the Roman Catholic Church. They have Christian names. They are married by the Church

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and buried by the Church. In some place in almost every village symbols of the Roman Catholic faith are kept. But few, if any, Indian villages have resident priests. Once or twice a year a traveling priest comes to the town. During his stay of two or three days the Indians are nominally Christian and orthodox. There is a great orgy of drinking and carousing. The priest holds a mass—in Latin. He may, perhaps, preach a sermon—in Spanish. Neither mass nor sermon is understood. Then, at the end of the two or three days, the priest rides away and the Indians turn back to their paganism until, some months or a year hence, the priest may return.

Overlooking the city of La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, there stands a high mountain. Near the summit of this mountain is a little shrine called Calvaria. On it the crucifix and the Virgin's picture have been erected. At this shrine one may see the Indians come to worship. They kneel there—but with their backs to the Christian symbols. Holding their cups of incense, they face toward the great valley and, forgetful that they are Christian, mutter strange incantations to stranger gods in their deep Aymara dialect.

Even when the Indians are engaged in what some call Christian ceremonies, the manner of their worship is decidedly pagan. The average Indian, month after month, is a quiet, hard-work-

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ing, frugal individual. But when the time for the Christian feasts comes round his character transforms. The entire family—done out in the brightest homespun—repairs to the church. The father, with a tiger skin and a hideous mask and a festive headdress of feathers, leads the little group with notes from a shrill reed pipe. On foot the little company starts out in the early morning for the church. There other family groups have gathered, and the festival is begun. Venders of alcoholic drinks are there, and they do a thriving business. To the music of pipe and drum, and stimulated by more and more alcohol, they dance in wild riot about the little church. Occasionally the dance is carried on before the altar itself. Fights are frequent.

In the midst of the celebration the priest arrives. Mass is said. The priest then collects the tithe of chickens and silver, grain and sheep, and rides off to the next celebration. The supply of liquor and of funds running low, the Indians, one by one, slink back to their homes—as pagan as when they came.

Pagan worship is not abandoned. Along the mountain roads at every summit one sees heaps of stones where the passer-by, if paganly devout, will build a little house to enclose some dangerous spirit. At perilous places along the trail the Indian will make offerings to the spirits who hide

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in the hills. When an animal is killed for meat, they catch the blood and, as their ancestors from time immemorial have done, dash it against the end of their crude adobe houses.

Dr. Burgess relates how alcohol, paganism, and Christianity are mixed in most Indian communities. "On a recent occasion," he says, "I entered a Roman Catholic church in a little mountain village just south of Chiapas, Huitan, among the Mam Indians. I was desirous of showing a friend the image of the sun over the main altar. As soon as we had entered the church, one of the Indians came up to inquire what we desired. My answer was: 'We have just come in to look around. I hope we are in no sense offending you.'

" 'No,' answered the Indian, 'but we know that you have come to teach us a new religion. We are only ignorant Indians, and we want to ask you some questions. Please tell us what St. Peter has left us.'

"I answered, taking out my New Testament from my pocket: 'St. Peter has left us two very precious Epistles which form part of the New Testament—the book which I hold in my hand. Listen and you will hear what he has to say to you and to all men.' And I began to read.

"The Indian who had asked the question was taken by surprise and felt that he was being humiliated as I read the words of St. Peter. He

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soon interrupted with a question which I have found it difficult to answer; namely, 'How old are you?'

" 'I am thirty-eight.'

" 'The Indian, drawing himself to his full height, declared himself to be fifty-four years old and he asked to know whether a man of fifty-four could be taught anything by a man of thirty-eight. His companions agreed that such a thing was impossible.

" 'The sun has shone on the man who is fifty-four years old many more times than on the man who is thirty-eight. Of course he can learn nothing from such an infant,' they declared.

" 'Then the Indian spokesman said, 'Now I will tell you what St. Peter left us,' and drawing from under his blanket a bottle of so-called *guaro* [West Indian rum], he shouted, 'This is what St. Peter has left us,' and all of his companions chimed in, declaring that he was right.'"

Thus, after four centuries of priestly supervision, the Indian—underneath a so-called Christian veneer—is still a pagan as he was in the days before the Spaniards invaded his country.

As I have already indicated, there are, probably, about 10,000,000 people of Indian blood in Latin America. The number of the non-Spanish-speaking Indians, however, is only about 2,050,000. These Indians are scattered in tribes,

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large and small. There are, for instance, one tribe of 500,000 members; three of between 200,000 and 300,000; one of between 150,000 and 200,000; seventeen over 20,000; five between 10,000 and 20,000; six between 5,000 and 10,000; and seven having less than 1,000. These, of course, are only government estimates. They probably understate rather than overstate the totals.

It is significant that in the United States there are small Indian tribes of less than 2,000 members in which three foreign missionary boards are at work. There is not one missionary to the more than 2,000,000 Indians of Mexico. Yet there are 444 ordained Protestant ministers, 202 Catholic priests, and more than 800 Protestant assistants for the 340,000 people with Indian blood in the United States. Clearly, the field of Christian work among the Indians of Latin America is but barely entered.

In the early days of the Spanish conquest one man—Las Casas by name—stands out as the first exponent of the rights of the Indians and the first Christian missionary to them. Las Casas had been a planter. But the injustices and exploitation to which the Indians were subjected in the name of Christianity aroused Las Casas. He became a priest of the Roman Catholic Church. He gave up his plantation and appeared as the champion of the rights of the Indians particu-

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larly in Mexico and Central America. His work made headway. The King of Spain granted him concessions. Many Indians were won by his peaceful policy. But later missionaries were less pacific, and much of the work of Las Casas was destroyed.

About a century ago another group of missionaries entered Central America. They were German Moravians and established a mission in Nicaragua. They translated the Bible into the tribal language and established churches and schools. At the present time they have a community of several thousand Protestant Indians.

In the last fifty years a widespread Evangelical movement has developed in Latin America. But this movement has touched only the fringes of Indian territory. Missionary organizations are only gradually awakening to the tremendous appeal of these ten thousand "other Americans." The Indians themselves are, in most cases, eager for help. They desire schools and churches. Their hard experience at the hands of other foreigners has led them to harbor a suspicion of foreigners in general, but the few Evangelical missionaries who have penetrated their land, to live among them, have helped to a very great extent to allay this suspicion.

The best proof of the value of missionary work among the Indians is found in a description of

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the sort of Christians these Indians make when they are given the opportunity to accept the free faith which Jesus represented.

There was, for example, Pedro Poz. Pedro was a shepherd lad who cared for his father's sheep on the hills of Cantel in Guatemala. While still a youth, the influence of alcohol fell upon him. He was victimized by it. His father, hoping to save the boy, forced him into the army. In the army Pedro put on European dress, learned Spanish, and kept on drinking. After a time he was court-martialed and sent to prison for a year. In jail Pedro learned to read. A tract telling something of the message of Jesus fell into his hands. He read it. He was interested. He secured a Bible and, determined to follow this new gospel, he took his stand as a Christian immediately upon his release. He went back to his own village and there began to preach. He was threatened by the people, but he kept on preaching. He was stoned by the villagers, but he could not be driven from his faith. At length a church was built in his village, and now over one hundred members have been won to Christ's way of life by the ministry of Pedro Poz.

Anselmo was another drunken Indian lad. He was a peon and was sold from master to master. There came a day when he fled from his servitude to the jungles near the Pacific coast. Here in

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the home of one of his masters he heard for the first time the simple story of the gospel of Christ. He accepted that gospel and went out to preach it. Now his old impetuosity and power is devoted to personal work, and already he has won several hundred of his fellows to the faith that he has found. Among these converts were no less than ten witch doctors.

Another Indian is Marcelino. At the time of his conversion Marcelino was fifty years old. He was a pagan of the pagans; he supported three wives and zealously participated in the witch-doctor practises of the village. When the gospel reached Marcelino, he immediately made provision for two of his wives and married the third. He took his stand in the community as a Christian—not an easy thing to do. When he had cleared his little plot of ground of the mortgage upon it, he gave of his income to the church. Marcelino is merely a barefooted Indian, but during the last three years he has given no less than three thousand dollars—American money—to the work of the church. Four nights out of every week, without remuneration, Marcelino devotes himself to instructing his fellow Indians in the gospel.

A new Christian church has been recently dedicated in one of these Indian communities. It is an imposing structure for an Indian village. It will seat one thousand people. The work of erect-

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ing this building was done entirely by the Indians themselves, under the leadership of one of their own number who had told the story of the gospel and its meaning to these other Latin Americans. Here and there—much too few in number—Christian schools have been built. And the Indian boys and girls make excellent pupils. They learn eagerly and their parents are proud of their accomplishments. In other villages dispensaries have been established to help to drive back the fear of disease and pestilence, which is almost as great a plague as the darkness of superstition and ignorance. And still the work of reaching these ten million Indians is only begun.

An old Indian one day appeared before the La Paz American Institute in Bolivia. He wore his homespun clothes, hide sandals, and a variegated poncho across his shoulders. He came stooping into the school grounds, his son's trunk on his back. On being presented to the headmaster of the school, he dropped to his knees and kissed the extended hand and begged that his son might be enrolled. Two years later this Indian boy, competing with white Bolivians and with foreigners, climbed to the top of his class and won the highest awards in English. And every quarter the Indian father came in from the mountains in his sandals and homespun to bring the boy's tuition.

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Thus, an awakening is slowly coming among these other Americans. Mission boards are beginning to realize this fact. Missionaries are being sent to these humbler, but no less worthy peoples. And up to the highlands and down through the forest vastnesses of Latin America new trails are being blazed. The old trails—some of which remain—were marked with torture and oppression, with the slave-driver's lash, with fear and hate, with superstition and idolatry. The new trails carry travelers of a different sort, bearing different burdens. These are the men and women who are coming to stand with the Indian and help him out of his old squalor. The merchandise they carry is not the merchandise of exploitation. There are no slave-whips, no alcohol—only a few books, but chiefly one Great Book and a faith in what these Indians with the guidance of that Great Book may become.

And a few Indians come to talk with these strange travelers. They hear a new—a wholly different—story of a Man who died that their little community might have a chance to be cleaner and their lives happier, their minds freed of fear and their hearts filled with a confident love. And after a time a school is built. And then a church. Other foreigners may come to the village and young Indians return from the big schools down the mountainside to carry on the work of proving

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that this Man, who was the Son of God, can do the things which He died to accomplish.

That is the story of the Indians of Latin America. It is a story of dangerous mountain passes; of lonely villages; of threats and stonings; of bright-eyed boys and girls; and parents enlightened by Christian influences. It is a story that is only in its beginnings. But ten millions of these Latin Americans, who are not seen along the hustling, crowded thoroughfares or on the boulevards, are in need, today, of men and women who will give of themselves and what they possess to speed that story to completion.

VII

Results

THIS is a chapter about results. After all, an enterprise, business or otherwise, is judged by the sort of article it produces. It does not much matter how big a factory is built, how many people are employed, how much its capital may be, or how widely the goods are advertised; that is, it does not matter much, in the long run—unless the product of that factory is of value. More than one big business has collapsed because it was based on an effort to pass off something artificial as the real thing.

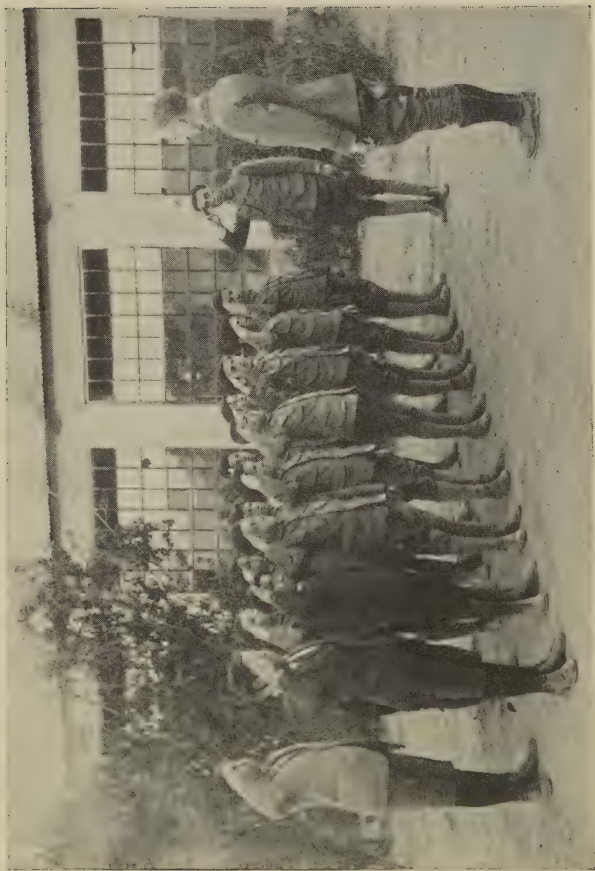
Another thing that is good to recall about enterprises and their products is this: you cannot always judge the merits of an article by the size of the organization that produces it. The best shoes do not come, necessarily, from the biggest manufacturer; or the richest cream from the largest dairy; the wisest men from the universities with the greatest enrolment; or the most religious men from the biggest churches.

It is necessary to keep these facts in mind when we come to this study of the products of the missionary enterprise in Latin America. Evangelical work, comparatively speaking, is on a small scale. But the products of that work—what of



INDIAN BOY CARRYING A PACK

SMALL INDIAN BOYS ARE FREQUENTLY MADE VERITABLE SLAVES OF MODERN INDUSTRY BY EMPLOYERS WHO WISH TO PAY NEGLIGIBLE WAGES FOR THE SAKE OF GAINING LARGE PROFITS.



BOY SCOUTS SALUTING

MISSIONARIES FROM THE NORTH WERE AMONG THOSE WHO PIONEERED IN INTRODUCING BOY SCOUT TROOPS INTO SOUTH AMERICA, AND MANY WHOLESOME ACTIVITIES ARE THUS PROVIDED FOR THE DESCENDANTS OF BOTH INDIANS AND SPANIARDS.

them? It is to an examination of some of these results of missionary work in Latin America that we shall now turn our attention. And at the end, it will be clear, I hope, that here, as elsewhere, size has no necessary relation to quality.

The history of Latin American missions is one of trials by fire. Missionaries did not go out—do not go out today—to easy jobs. The communities to which they go are often hostile to Evangelical effort. The priests frequently stir the people into open expressions of this hostility. There are stonings and threats and abuse. In some Latin American states it is true that the Evangelical missionaries have won a large place for themselves in the esteem of the people, and their program no longer meets with the old opposition. But in other places it is still the case that obstacles of every sort are thrown in the missionary's path to prevent his carrying forward the work he has come to establish. There are no soft-seats-by-the-fire for these Christian pioneers.

Nor is there an easy path ahead of those who accept the Christian faith as these Protestants interpret it. Such a step frequently means turning away from one's family, the sacrifice of social position, enduring scorn and ridicule, and even death itself. Men and women, old or young, do not accept the Christian faith of the Evangelical missionaries, unless it has laid such a hold upon

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their lives that regardless of the sacrifices involved it cannot be denied.

It must be said here, as we have tried to indicate elsewhere, that Evangelical work in Latin America is not carried on for the purpose of supplanting Roman Catholicism. It is altogether improbable that these nations will ever become Protestant in the sense in which that term is understood in the United States and Canada. Evangelical work, however, is making a contribution in that it is helping to change the moral climate of these nations. It is bringing not a new, but an enriched gospel to the people of Latin America. It is opening the way for deeper and more abiding personal religious experiences. It is, moreover, linking the gospel of Jesus Christ with the great, enlightening, democratic movements that are abroad in the world. That has been and is the message of Evangelical missionaries to the people of these Latin countries.

There is a very old and justly famous public square in Lima, the capital of Peru. Several centuries ago the dread Inquisition held Lima in its bloody grasp. All those who were suspected of heresy or unbelief in the dogmas of the Church were summarily put to death. In this public square more than a hundred people were burned.

Some three centuries after the Inquisition another force entered the city of Lima. James

Thomson, who landed in Brazil in 1818, had crossed the continent on mule-back and come to the city of Lima. Thomson's one purpose in Latin America was to organize schools and distribute Bibles. In Lima he met General San Martin, who welcomed him and forthwith gave the priests of a certain monastery three days in which to evacuate in order that Mr. Thomson's first school might be established there.

And to the old square of the Inquisition Mr. Thomson brought his Bibles. He gathered the people around him and explained to them the meaning of the "new" book. Bibles were sold to many people. The influence of this work spread rapidly. The governor of one of the provinces of Ecuador encouraged the sale of the Book. Bible Societies sprang up. The interest in the newly discovered word of God spread rapidly.

But reaction came. The Roman Catholic organization pitted its power against Mr. Thomson. Parents were forced to withdraw their children from the schools which he established. Families that had purchased the Bibles were forced to surrender them to the nearest priest. The door which Mr. Thomson opened was forced shut, and he returned to Scotland.

Others followed, however, in the path of this pioneer. And each new Christian campaigner was faced with the same difficulties and perils.

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About the same time that Mr. Thomson came out from Scotland, Allen F. Gardiner began his service in the British navy. He rose to the rank of captain and as a naval officer cruised to remote quarters of the globe. And in these districts the plight of the natives, their ignorance and squalor and superstitious fear, laid hold upon him. He came of a sudden to feel a responsibility to help some of these backward peoples and abandoned his naval career for that of a missionary.

In 1841 Captain Gardiner set out to the Falkland Islands to bring the Christian message to the Indians. He chose these islands because they were British territory, and from there he hoped to reach the people of Patagonia. He was soon forced to go back to England for aid, however, and after securing this, he returned to Patagonia, only to be driven out by the bitter hostility of the natives who daily threatened his life.

But Captain Gardiner was not disheartened. He made his way into southeastern Bolivia and territories adjoining. Then, after long trips of religious exploration, he went, with his companions, back toward the Cape to establish a mission among the Indians of Tierra del Fuego. His equipment was so insufficient, however, that he was forced to make another trip to England for aid. He then returned to this station with six other pioneers for Christ.

Then came starvation. The Indians stole their food. They were driven to Spaniard Harbor. A supply ship, en route to their rescue, was delayed. No food or water was to be found. Daily and hourly they scanned the sea's horizon for some sight of the promised ship, and nightly they joined together in prayer that their rescuers might come before it was too late. The ship did come. But more than a month before its arrival Captain Gardiner and the six stalwart champions of the Cross who had come out with him were dead. At the entrance to the cavern where the bodies of this little company of pioneers were found, Captain Gardiner had traced these words from the sixty-second Psalm:

My Soul, wait thou only upon God
For my expectation is from him.
He only is my rock and my salvation:
He is my defense: I shall not be moved.
In God is my salvation and my glory:
The rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.
Trust in Him at all times:
Ye people, pour out your heart before Him:
God is a refuge for us.

That spirit—the spirit of Captain Gardiner—has dominated and still dominates those who have dared to give of themselves that Christ may have a chance in Latin America. The history of this Christian advance is written in the blood and

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tears of those who have sacrificed to carry forward, over one more redoubt, the banners of Christ. On the ground where these advances have been won new life is now springing up. And from the blood and tears, the suffering and sacrifice of these early missionaries there has come hope and happiness and, here and there, individuals fit to help in the building of the Kingdom of God on earth.

In the early sixties, Father José Conceicao was a young priest of the Roman Catholic Church at Brotas, in the state of São Paulo, Brazil. Now Father José was not ministerial in the accepted sense. He was a sporting man of some reputation. He lived a gay life. He was a lover of good horses and knew the lure of the track.

One day, however, he was asked to preach a sermon on St. Anthony. He agreed and proceeded to find out in a Latin Bible, just who St. Anthony was. Few churches in Brazil at that time had Bibles and fewer *padres* could read them. But although Father José found a Bible, he failed to find any record of St. Anthony in it. But he did find a good many other things that interested him greatly. The Bible, he suddenly realized, was neither appreciated nor preached. Consequently he began to preach it. His sermons were fervid discussions of Bible truths—the truths that could be applied in his own parish.

The Bishop, hearing of the strange proceedings, set forth to remonstrate with the young priest. But Father José could not be turned from the gospel he had discovered. The Bishop, accordingly, made public proclamation to the effect that Father José was insane and forbade him from exercising his priestly offices.

Father José replied: "All right, since I am insane, I must be irresponsible. Therefore I shall go forth to teach."

He set out, on foot, to spread the truths of the Bible. He soon came into touch with Evangelical missionaries. He was ordained and became the first Brazilian Protestant minister. His efforts were unceasing. Alone, up and down Brazil, Father José tramped. He lived with the people to whom he brought the message. On every hand there were persecutions. He was stoned. He was driven from village to village. Food was denied him. People closed their doors in his face. But he plodded on. At length one day, he fell unconscious by the roadside, ill of malarial fever. He was found by the commander of an ammunition factory in the vicinity and looked after by him. Father José never left this ammunition factory. He died and was buried in the military cemetery. But so effectively had he preached the gospel there that the colonel himself became a Christian and later a translator of Christian liter-

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ature. And today, in the country where Father José labored, fully thirty churches owe their existence to his pioneering.

Evangelical missions have had wide influence also among the women of Latin America. You can always count upon it that the women will be found in the forefront of any good movement, and this is true in Latin America in spite of the customs that are designed to keep women in a secondary position. The story of one of these women is told by Miss Florence E. Smith, of Chile.

"When I first came to Chile," writes Miss Smith, "I used to go out to one of our outlying chapels on Sunday morning to help in the Sunday school, and there I came to know a young girl just entering adolescence, Hortensia Soza. With her family, she had been brought to the chapel by an Evangelical neighbor. She was fresh-faced and deeply attentive. Her father was a stonemason and her mother mentally infirm, so that Hortensia was already compelled to earn her own living as a seamstress. Her education had been of the scantiest, limited to the rudiments of the three R's, but the gospel was her meat and drink and she never missed a service. Later on, inspired by the desire to help in evangelistic meetings, she took time to come into Valparaiso once a week to learn to play the baby organ. Her hands were coarsened by work and her ear was

none too fine, but her desire to learn knew no barriers.

“In the course of events, one of the promising young men in the Valparaiso church began an assiduous attendance at this chapel, drawn thither by the wild-rose beauty of Hortensia. As usual, the path of true love was beset by thorns: there was no place to meet except the church, where acquaintance must be limited to a perfunctory handshake because of the unfriendly eyes which in Chile see flagrant immorality in every attempt at friendliness between man and maid. Hortensia’s family, too, eyed the young man with suspicion because of his gentlemanly bearing and superior social position, he being not an artisan, but a clerk in the city post-office, and wide and deep are class distinctions in Chile. The courtship was carried on, then, perforce, in the public parks, and unlike so many perilous affairs of this kind, it came to the good consummation of an honorable marriage, and young Hortensia went to live with a mother-in-law.

“This mother-in-law was of the old school, and so too was the young husband, who had his own ideas as to the sphere of woman, and it was no part of his plan that his pretty bird, now safely caged, should sing for other ears than his own. The young wife confided to me with tears that he would not permit her to visit the Sunday-school

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pupils and did not like her to be friendly with the people in the church.

“Together we laid plans as to how we should educate this mediæval husband, and thanks to this young woman’s character, which is that rare combination of the sweet yieldingness of the dove and the wisdom of the serpent,—without its sting,—today Hortensia Soza de Martinez is the outstanding woman in the large church of which she is a member, honored and beloved and active in every good work. Her husband’s jealous suspicion has been transmuted into unfaltering trust. She comes and goes with all the freedom of a North American woman, without a question. Leader of a large group of Philatheas, at times organist and choir-leader, and president of the Woman’s Society, her beautiful face and character are an object lesson to all who come in contact with her.

“Señora de Martinez’ husband puts his month’s salary into her lap and together they make their monthly budget. ‘Of course!’ do I hear you say? But it is not ‘of course’ in Chile, where the average woman has no idea how much her husband earns and has no word in how his salary shall be spent, beyond the small sum he concedes her for the day’s rations. Together Hortensia and her husband have weathered many an economic storm, but they have educated her three brothers

and sisters, early deprived of a mother's care, and today own their own charming little home."

Another story of a Chilean woman is that of Martina Pangué. In a beautiful valley hidden among the foothills of a coast-range a young girl was betrayed and abandoned by the son of a neighbor. With her child in her arms, this young girl was forced to leave her home and earn her own living. The temptations and the economic necessities of life were too severe. She fell into evil ways, and finally settled in Vina del Mar where her home was not of a good kind.

One day, however, a passer-by threw a little red book through the open door of this house. That night Martina Pangué picked up the book and began to read it. Reading was not easy, for she had received little schooling. But line by line she managed to make out the meaning of the words in the little red book. Her mind was keen, and the book was something altogether new. She read through the night and by morning had finished. The book was called the *Gospel According to John*.

"If this book speaks the truth," said Martina, "then I am altogether wrong in the life I am leading. I must know more of this."

She immediately made inquiries in the neighborhood. She found her way to the little Evangelical chapel and began to attend its services.

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The people eyed her with suspicion. They knew her evil ways and doubted her. But Martina continued to attend the services, despite these suspicions. And after many weeks she accepted the gospel.

Accepting the gospel meant that Martina must begin to live it at once in her own home. She proceeded at once to rid it of evil influences. She took her children with her to church. After a long probation she was made a member of the Vina Church and later, not content with a mere membership, Martina was made the first Chilean Bible woman. Wherever she goes she carries with her the message of the little red book. On a Sunday she will come to the chapel with a group of boys and girls whom she has gathered. Her gospel is simple and to the point.

“God cleaned up my life,” she will say. “He can clean up yours.”

There seemed to be a peculiar bond of sympathy between Jesus and some of the humble fishermen who lived near the Sea of Galilee. No part of the New Testament is more inspiring than the story of how these humble men were taken from their nets and made fishers of men. To a similar class of people in Colombia the gospel has made a powerful appeal and resulted in great transformations. One may see in the old city of Cartagena modern fishermen following in the footsteps

of those who hauled in their nets on the shores of Galilee.

Juan, an outstanding personality among these Cartagenian fishermen, began to preach the gospel even before he gave up his nets. Juan had little education. He belonged to the despised mixed class. His ideals were no better and his horizon no wider than the people among whom he lived. But when he heard the story of Christ, he began immediately to study. When the missionaries were forced out of the city, Juan gathered the little group of believers about him and became their teacher. Without education and with no qualification other than his own intense devotion to Christ, Juan carried on the work.

A fellow citizen of Cartagena who had studied abroad and returned to the city heard of the work of Juan. He attended a service at his little chapel. "I have seen and heard a wonderful thing," he said afterward. "I know that man Juan and his people well. But I would not have believed it was possible for him to do what he did on the Sunday morning I visited him. He announced and led the singing of several hymns with dignity and grace. He made one of the most solemn and tender prayers I ever heard. He read the Scriptures so that I understood every word he uttered. He then gave an address and used arguments and language which many an edu-

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cated man might envy, in order to teach his friends that as our Lord has helped them to live better lives, so in turn they ought to help others.”

Of an entirely different class was Justo Cubilo, doctor of jurisprudence, a resident of Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay. While still a student in the public schools of Uruguay, Dr. Cubilo became interested in Evangelical Christianity. He attended Sunday school and at the age of fourteen became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. From then until the time of his death Dr. Cubilo was an outstanding leader among the Protestant Christians of Uruguay. Twice he came to the United States as a lay delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Church. He was superintendent of a large Sunday school and teacher of one of the classes. He was also President of the Temperance Society and active in the diffusion of temperance principles.

The leadership of Dr. Cubilo was recognized by the Government. He was President of the Society of the Friends of Public Instruction, a member of the Municipality, a professor of Constitutional Law in the Department of Law and Social Sciences in the State University and for many years was secretary of the Supreme Court of Uruguay.

Other individuals—a small army of them—might be mentioned here whose lives stand out, head

and shoulders above their fellows, because they have found Christ and sought to spread the expression of his spirit. No one questioning Evangelicalism in Latin America could come into touch with these products of that enterprise and doubt its supreme value in making better men and women and more Christ-like communities.

If you will look at the map of South America, you will find that the boundary between Argentina and Chile is marked by the high crest of the Andes. Now between Chile and Argentina, during the last century, there were frequent disputes about this boundary and a most bitter hatred. War always seemed in the offing. Not until General Julio Roca became President of Argentina in 1880 did peace and prosperity seem to come to these nations.

During the administration of General Roca, Argentina developed rapidly. Vast new fields were planted. Vineyards were laid out. Fine breeds of stock were introduced. Railroads were built and the cities improved. Chile, too, entered upon a similar era of prosperity.

Then, in 1886, General Roca retired from office and trouble loomed again. The high Andes had not been completely explored. Neither nation knew exactly where the boundary lay. Both nations believed that war was inevitable, and great sums of money were spent in preparation for it.

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In 1898, General Roca was reelected President. A few weeks prior to his election Chile sent an ultimatum to Argentina demanding arbitration. But it seemed as though war would be the only outcome. There were many and powerful factions in both countries that advocated war. But other people believed that war would mean the ruin of both.

Then, at a critical moment, the British King offered his services for arbitration and the offer was accepted. The award was also accepted. War was averted.

But the two countries did not stop there. They proposed to prevent the possibility of any war in the future. It was agreed, therefore, that on the boundary line, high in the Andes, between Argentina and Chile a statue of Christ, the Prince of Peace, should be erected. This was to stand perpetually as a memorial to the peace pact between the nations. The monument itself was cast at an arsenal in Buenos Aires from cannon taken from an old fortress there.

The site for the statue was selected on the Cumbre Ridge in the Andes—a divide scarcely more than a quarter of a mile across. There one may stand and look off to the west into Chile, and east into Argentina. It was on the summit of the Andes, in 1817, that the army of San Martin camped while on the great march across the



A BIBLE DISTRIBUTION TRIP ON HORSEBACK

IN THEIR ENDEAVOR TO REACH PEOPLE LIVING IN OUTLYING DISTRICTS, BIBLE DISTRIBUTORS OFTEN RUN INTO ALL SORTS OF EXCITING ADVENTURES ON THEIR

PATH THROUGH FORESTS AND OTHER UNINHABITED REGIONS.



STUDENTS IN THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY AT SÃO PAULO, BRAZIL

YOUNG MEN OF SPLENDID TYPE ARE BEING ABLY TRAINED FOR LIFE SERVICE AT
SÃO PAULO. THEIR INFLUENCE IS BOUND TO HAVE AN UPLIFTING EFFECT UPON
THE MORAL CLIMATE OF LATIN AMERICA.

Andes, when Chileans and Argentines stood side by side in their struggle for freedom from Spain. There, too, stands a little stone house built many years ago to provide protection for travelers—Argentines or Chileans—who may be journeying over the pass. Thus the spot was hallowed by the ideals of peace.

The statue of Christ was erected on a summit pass. The monument is of bronze, twenty-six feet in height, surmounting a pedestal, rough hewn from the rock of the mountains.

On March 13, 1904, the statue was unveiled. A great pilgrimage of men and women and children from both countries—Argentina to the east, Chile to the west—brought thousands into the Andes for the ceremony. On the day appointed the great throng parted in two groups. The Argentines assembled on the soil of Chile; the Chileans gathered on the soil of Argentina. Between them, facing toward the north, stood the Christ, their perpetual symbol of peace. His left hand supports the cross and his right hand is outstretched in blessing. On the base of the statue are two tablets—one presented by the working-men of Buenos Aires and the other by the working-women. Inscribed on one of these tablets are these words:

“Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than shall the Argentines and Chileans break

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the peace which they have pledged at the feet of Christ the Redeemer.”

The statue was dedicated as a symbol for peace to the whole world. Its erection brought the ideals of Christ into practise. Immediately thereafter Chile sold her warships and spent the amount secured to make improvements. A year later the Chilean-Bolivian dispute was settled by peaceful means. A railroad since has been built to span the Andes from Chile to Argentina—one of the engineering feats of all time.

And still the Christ stands there—on the crest of the Andes—lifting the symbols of His gospel so that all who come may know that His spirit has been built into the life of these nations.

Christ of the Andes, Christ of Everywhere,
Great lover of the hills, the open air,
And patient lover of impatient men
Who blindly strive and sin and strive again,—
Thou Living Word, larger than any creed,
Thou Love Divine, uttered in human deed,—
Oh, teach the world, warring and wandering still,
Thy way of peace, the footpath of Good Will!¹

Thus, too, the individuals whom we have met in this chapter stand as the representatives of Christ, built into the lives of men. We have seen the leaders. They stand out—as the Christ of the Andes. But in countless communities, in high

¹ Henry van Dyke.

Results

and low estate; in Indian villages and in houses of parliament; in factories and in university halls; up and down through Latin America, from northern Mexico across the Caribbean and down to the tip of the southern continent, other men and women are holding high, today, the cross of Christ. They are living the gospel of Christ. By their lives they are consecrating the pledge that until these mountains crumble into dust they will stand forth to proclaim the message they have learned "at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

VIII

Looking Ahead with Latin America

FEW sections of Europe are more beautiful than that of the French Savoy. It is a district of wide, fertile valleys and little rivers; of tiny towns, their houses red-tiled and their streets cobbled and quaint; of long, winding ribbons of road that stretch through poplar avenues up into foothills that shoulder Mont Blanc.

I rode, one time, up through a section of the French Savoy by the best bicycle route. All day long, as we journeyed on, we passed, on the road, farmers tilling their land, or going to the market-place, their two-wheeled carts piled high with produce and drawn by lumbering oxen. Late in the afternoon, we approached the town of Chambery. The road toward the town wound up a little valley around a great cliff at its farther end. At the highest point of this cliff there stood a great stone cross. The afternoon sun shone upon it—a sort of sacred sentinel on guard over the valley.

As we passed a French farmer on the road, I stopped him and inquired, in the best French I could summon, the meaning of the cross. He looked up at it as though he had forgotten it was there.

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"Oh, that!" he said. "I don't know why it was put there. Years ago the church erected it. I'm not sure that it means anything in particular."

And we rode on to Chambery, around the corner of the cliff, where a turn of the road concealed the cross from view. But I have thought many times since about that cross in the valley of the Oise. To men and women who come and go, in the fields and along the farms, it does not mean "anything in particular." The truth of the matter is, it stands too far above them. They never see it. It has no relation to their daily work, to the crops and homes, and to the happiness of their families. It is forgotten because it is too remote.

But, certainly, the Christ who glorified the Cross never intended that this symbol of his message should be removed from the folk He came to help. Down there in the valley, among people, Christ would walk, were He to return to earth. And no greater obligation rests upon us who seek to follow Him than to take the Cross and erect it in the homes and lives of men where it will have a daily meaning for them.

The cross on the cliff above this little French valley typifies, in many ways, the historical relation of organized Christianity to the people of Latin America. We ask, or will be asked by others, why we should carry the gospel to a con-

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continent where the Roman Catholic Church is so widely organized? And it is true enough that the symbols of the gospel are established in Latin America. On the hills, along the roads, in countless shrines and churches and cathedrals, the holy emblems of the Christian faith have been erected. But still the Cross, in its true meaning, stands apart from the life of the people. It is there upon the cliff. And beneath it men and women carry on, day after day, forgetful of its meaning, not knowing its full significance.

The Evangelical churches are not in Latin America to bring new symbols. They are there to give life to those symbols that are already there. But they are also there to give those symbols the secondary place they were intended to hold. Every Evangelical missionary, every school and church is giving, not a new Cross and a new Christ, but the same Cross and the same Christ glorified with new meaning and enshrined still on the hills of Latin America, but more in the hearts of Latin American peoples. The Christ—the symbol—may be seen everywhere. The Christ—the life—must be developed. To bring that development is the reason—the one reason—that Protestantism has gone to work in nations where, already, the Roman Catholic Church has been established for centuries.

It is necessary for us to know that in Latin

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America the Roman Catholic Church, with its myriad religious symbols, has often crowded out the Christ. There are evidences of religion on every hand. Worship, priests, regular services, bishops, nuns—the outward aspects are there. In theory, the fundamentals of religion are also there. Roman Catholic theology adheres to a belief in the Holy Trinity; in the divinity of Christ; in the incarnation and the redemptive power of Christ; in the remission of sins; the resurrection from the dead. They have, also, the Bible.

How, then, do they crowd out the Christ?

In order to see this, let us enter one of their great cathedrals. It is a beautiful building architecturally. Before it is a wide court. Two massive doors mark the entrance. Inside is semi-darkness. Worshipers entering before us dip their fingers in holy water beside the door, cross themselves devoutly, and slip off to kneel before a holy picture. Down the long depth of the nave stands the altar—the cross above it—soaring toward the great cathedral window. Candles, scores of them, flicker there uncertainly. Threads of incense drift lazily and scent the air with a heavy fragrance. Along the walls of the cathedral are pictures and images of the Virgin Mary and many Saints of the Church. Before these images men and women and little children kneel in worship. But the Christ—where is He?

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A mass is said. Priests, richly gowned, stand before the altar. Chants—in Latin—are intoned. The worshipers respond. Bells ring and the worshipers drop to their knees. Bells ring again and the worshipers rise. There are more chants and responses, and the mass is over. The worshipers depart, dipping their fingers again in the holy water as they go. Most of them do not understand the chants that have been said or the prayers that were intoned. They have worshiped—but have they worshiped the Christ?

The center of the worship often is not the Christ but some saint. The Cross of Christ you may find. There may be an image to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. But these few reminders of the great Personality of the Gospels are overshadowed by the countless symbols erected to the worship of human beings—elected to sainthood by the Church.

Here in the North, very often, the Bible has been so easily available that it is unappreciated, particularly among young people. We are hopelessly unaware of the beauty of the Word. But, more important, we are unaware of the way in which the Bible—opened in the world's dark places—has brought new light. It is to transmit this Light that the Evangelicals are in Latin America—to give the Bible to the people.

To cite an illustration, let us take the case of

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Juan Orts Gonzales. Dr. Gonzales, for nearly forty years, was a Roman Catholic. For twenty-six years he was a Franciscan friar, a Roman Catholic missionary, the president of two Roman Catholic colleges, a scholar in the teachings of the Church, a faithful member of the Church hierarchy. Today he is a Protestant missionary.

"I will never abuse the Roman Catholic people," he writes. "I love them with all my heart and soul, and I hope to spend all my life preaching the gospel among them."

Why, then, did Dr. Gonzales turn his back upon his family, his friends, his career, to join with those who were seeking to bring the Protestant faith to Latin America? There are several reasons which answer that question. They must be set down here because they indicate the need and the challenge of the Latin American field.

Dr. Gonzales, as a Catholic, believed that none but Catholics could be saved. Yet he saw Protestants doing the will of God, as they believed it. He read the New Testament. He became convinced that not Catholics alone, but all those who owned the name of Jesus could be saved.

Then, again, Dr. Gonzales had been taught that not only individuals, but nations, were punished for sinfulness. And yet, Protestant nations—those deserving the greatest punishment according to Catholic belief—seemed to prosper. In

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fact, as he traveled through the world, he saw that Protestant countries prospered and were enlightened; whereas, with great uniformity, countries where Catholic control was most absolute were unenlightened and did not prosper greatly. If Protestantism is wrong, he reasoned, why has God prospered Protestant nations and punished Roman Catholic?

Another reason—when Dr. Gonzales began the study of the history of early Christianity, he found that it was a faith centered in Christ. The Virgin Mary was not worshiped at all until the fourth century. Furthermore, in the early history of the Church, the infallibility of the Pope was not maintained. These doctrines, held at the central point of present-day Roman Catholicism in Latin America, were found by Dr. Gonzales to be no part whatever of the faith of the earliest Christians.

Turning from Catholicism, however, was not easy. For one thing, the many and apparently competing denominations were a stumbling block. But, as he studied, it became apparent that there was greater unity between various Protestant bodies than between the orders of the Catholic Church. "I discovered with amazement," he declared, "that while Romanists of all orders have an outward union through the Pope, the Protestants of all names have a more fundamental,

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vital, and satisfying unity in Christ and the Bible.”

In realization of that unity and seeing clearly how the people of Latin America were in need of the Christ and the Bible, Dr. Gonzales became a Protestant. There have been other transformations as remarkable as his. And countless men and women passing down the streets and along the roads of Latin America are coming through the influence of Evangelical missionaries to see what the Cross enshrined in their lives can mean.

The educated classes of Latin America, increasingly, are abandoning the Church that has maintained its religious supremacy for four centuries. The experience of laboratory and library, the growth of new ideas of democracy and freedom of conscience—these are undermining the faith of the people in the established religion. Indifference and atheism are on the increase. Many of those who lead the new movements—industrial and intellectual—in Latin America find that the bitterest opposition to liberalism and democracy comes from the Church. Against the Church, and religion, therefore, a very decided suspicion and mistrust has grown up. The intellectual classes, on the one hand, cannot support a religious organization, the teachings of which run counter to their own knowledge. The laboring classes, on the other hand, find the Church standing against

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them in their struggle for greater industrial freedom and, as a consequence, they are driven into an open hostility toward religion itself.

Latin America, politically and economically, is controlled by the influence of some five or six million members of the so-called cultivated, intellectual class. In this group are the politicians, legislators, educators, artists, writers, professional men, and outstanding business men. The club and not the cathedral is their center of interest. Religion is scoffed at. It is regarded as a relic of other days—outworn and useless for the present. The Roman Catholic Church has little influence with this group. Likewise the humble Evangelical churches very seldom make a point of contact with this class.

The laboring classes constitute a newly conscious group in Latin America. Industrial life has only developed in very recent years. But labor organizations have grown with the growth of industry. In Argentina and Chile, Brazil, Uruguay, and Peru there are trade-union organizations which have carried on aggressive fights for the winning of labor rights and privileges. The Roman Catholic Church, sensing the power of these organizations, has spent considerable money in an effort to reach the unions. Laboring men's clubs have been formed in many cities. Catholic congresses on labor questions have been

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held. A great mass of literature has been published describing the efforts of the Church to help the laboring people.

And yet the labor movement, for the most part, is strongly anti-ecclesiastical. Anti-religious books have a wide circulation. Then a materialistic, anti-religious point of view has found wide acceptance. Religion, in fact, is reaping the harvest that the Roman Catholic Church sowed in standing sponsor, during much of the last four centuries, for methods of exploitation as against methods of freedom and of social progress.

As a result of the fact that there has been but little preaching of religion as a way of life during the last four centuries in Latin America, moral standards have been reduced, in many places, almost to the vanishing point. The dean of a great law school declared recently that the faculty had no responsibility whatever for the moral life of the students. Most Latin American universities, in fact, exert no authority whatever over the life of the students outside of their studies. There is no dormitory life, no campus environment. So long as they present themselves at the proper times for their examinations, no other requirement is made.

Under these conditions vice develops rapidly among the young people. Its development, more-

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over, is not often hindered by the attitude of the average parent. Immorality in all social classes is not only condoned in many places, but actually recommended. And there is no great moral agency, such as the Church, to stand resolutely for ideals of another sort, and to provide power with which to realize those ideals.

With sexual immorality go all of the kindred vices—drinking, gambling, widespread dishonesty. Even in countries of such high culture as Peru this moral weakness is apparent. Dr. Javier Prado, rector of the University of San Marcos, declared recently: “Peru, after having been the seat of most wonderful civilizations, a center of government and of opulence during the Spanish domination, has not developed during the hundred years of her autonomy in any adequate way her source of natural vitality and economic well-being; nor in the social and political order has she formed a vigorous and organized national life corresponding to the greatness of her past and to the progress obtained by other American peoples. Moral energies have been suppressed. Spiritual oxygen is lacking in the environment of a people who so frequently show themselves sick in thought and sick in will.”

Thus, the Evangelical missionaries to Latin America are confronted with this vast immorality and with the responsibility of introducing into

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Latin America a religion that changes men's lives fundamentally.

In addition to these classes that are comparatively untouched by the Christian message, there is a vast territory in Latin America that is almost wholly beyond the boundaries of any missionary work. This is a continent within a continent—a great empire comprising six million square miles, or four fifths of the area of South America itself. This territory, in which the Evangelical message finds practically no representation whatever, is one third the size of the entire continent of Asia and more than one half of the continent of Africa. Without question this territory beyond the Latin American frontier is the largest region on the earth untouched by Evangelical Christianity.

In this vast interior continent there are but eighty-four Protestant missionary centers. The territory outside the district of these eighty-four centers leaves wholly untouched a section of 5,911,600 square miles.

This is graphically pointed out in the report for the Montevideo Congress: "If a corresponding placement of localities were laid over North America, the five uppermost stations, in the areas considered, would lie along a line of six hundred miles east of the Yukon in northern Canada; the next two would be about seven hundred miles

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southwest in British Columbia; to these the nearest station eastward would be more than thirteen hundred miles distant on the western shore of Hudson Bay; beyond which, seven hundred miles northeast, the next lone center would fall; a thousand miles southeast and southwest on Hudson Bay, but more than twelve hundred miles apart, two other centers would touch southern Ontario and Minnesota; a cluster of seven stations would be scattered over Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky; another fourteen would fall in Kansas and Nebraska; the remainder of the eighty-four would be scattered through the southern states and down through Mexico to the border of Honduras, some two thousand miles."

It becomes apparent, therefore, that Latin America is a field of incomparable vastness for missionary effort. There are great classes of the people to whom religion is a thing of disgust, associated with all that they wish to avoid. There are others whom religion has never touched to awaken them to a vision of right living. Then, as we have seen, there is a great continent within a continent in which no Evangelical religious work is being carried on at all—a territory beyond the frontier, in which dwell some thirty million people whose greatest need is to be set upon that way of enlightenment which Christ traversed.

To meet this situation there have gone out,

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year after year, little groups of men and women enlisted for life in the task of carrying forward the lines of Christian advance. In the great cities of Latin America one comes in touch with the work of these missionaries. Churches have been built and hospitals founded; schools have been opened; and year after year the influence of these new agencies has grown. Religion as the Protestants preach it has slowly begun to take on new meaning. Government officials and influential business and professional men who have heretofore spurned religion are gradually awakening to see that this kind of religion cannot be spurned; that it stands for the realization of the best ideals for which the real builders of a new Latin America are working.

Thus, a few years ago, a missionary from Scotland started a little day-school in Lima, the capital city of Peru. Men and women who realized that the educational standards of this little school were unusual sent their children to the missionary. Today from among the most influential people in the city there are many more applications for the school than can be filled. The missionary has been elected to the most exclusive club of the city and made a professor in the exclusive University of San Marcos. Through these contacts the influence of Evangelical Christianity is reaching into circles hitherto untouched.

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A different type of work in Peru has received wide recognition. In the remote highlands of Lake Titicaca a significant work among the Indians is being carried on. Of this work a prominent Peruvian declares: "The way in which the Protestants have intensified their work in the mountains is noble. Their endeavors are interesting from the standpoint of moral and civil improvement. They correct the immoral customs of the Indians and, most important, they combat alcoholism, the most terrible enemy of the native, a vice that has been tolerated by the priests in their religious festivities. The Evangelicals, by means of their words and example, both kind and austere, have persuaded the people who visit them to quit their drinking."

In this center of work there are seventy schools for Indians with an average of fifty students in each school, all of them taught by Indians. On the great industrial farm, work is carried on which makes these schools almost self-supporting. A normal school is being built. Throughout the entire district the economic as well as the spiritual standards of the people have been raised. Better crops have come as a result of the work of this farm and new methods have been introduced. The director of the farm has become the spokesman for the Government in matters of road building and other public questions. Christianity, in

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this district, is being given a new meaning and has a new significance.

Down in the city of Santiago, Chile, are two great Protestant schools—the Santiago College and the Instituto Inglés. These are not second-rate organizations. The teachers and the students, alike, have made a place—and a big place—for themselves in the life of the country. The students of the mission colleges and the government schools mingle freely. A genuine fellowship is developing. Every young Christian student who sits down with a non-Christian student may become, in a very real sense, a spokesman for Christ. Among the women students at the university, the Young Women's Christian Association, but recently organized, has become a significant influence. The students declared, in the second year of the organization, that they would carry on all of the local expenses of the Y.W.C.A. themselves.

The influence of these groups of active, straight-thinking, straight-living Christians has reached to those in the highest places of the government. The President of Chile, Sr. Arturo Alessandri, who was elected on a reform platform and backed solidly by the Protestants, declared recently, when presented with a copy of the Bible by representatives of the Evangelical Union of Santiago: "I am a Christian. I believe in the doctrines of

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Christ. I accept the sound doctrines of the Bible and reject all clerical errors. I raise the white flag to all truth. This book of yours which you present will remain by my side. It will be my guide, and I shall know how to appreciate it at its true worth. If Congress confirms my election, when I come into the Capitol, I will work incessantly for complete and absolute liberty of conscience. If I enter the nation's capital the doors will be open to help every good work which you do and you will always occupy a place in my heart."

In Buenos Aires—a city of two million people—the Y.M.C.A. has nearly four thousand members. Students of all faiths and of no faith at all have united in a campaign with the Y.M.C.A. to help the needy students of Europe. The Colegio Americano is supported jointly by Methodists and Disciples of Christ. Its place is large in the educational life of the city.

In Montevideo the influence of Evangelicalism is widely apparent. The rector of the University was formerly a teacher in the Methodist Sunday school and was educated in the Waldensian colony. The Methodist Church in Montevideo numbers among its members some of the outstanding men and women in the life of the nation: a justice of the Supreme Court, university professors, prominent business and professional men.

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Rio de Janeiro has one hundred Evangelical preaching stations. The First Presbyterian Church has a membership of a thousand and an average Sunday-school attendance of a thousand. It maintains social rooms, a printing-press, and a pastor's residence, and has sent missionaries into remote sections of the country. The membership includes members of Congress, bankers, lawyers, physicians, merchants, and literary men, as well as those of humbler station. The governor of the Brazilian state of Espirito Santo is a member of the Methodist Church. This governor gives one tenth of his income to the work of the church.

The papers of Rio have thrown open their columns to free discussions of religious problems. The Evangelical hospital in Rio cost \$100,000 and that amount was entirely raised by the members of the churches of the city. The Y.M.C.A. raised over \$100,000 in the city for its new building. One year after its opening the Y.W.C.A. had twelve hundred members, among them many of the most prominent women of the city.

One illustration, presented by Dr. Samuel Guy Inman, will indicate how wide is the popular interest in religion in Rio and in certain sections of Latin America. Dr. José Carlos Rodriguez was at one time the editor and proprietor of the *Journal of Commerce*, the largest daily paper in Rio de

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Janeiro. His understanding of international affairs was very profound. But he was particularly interested in Bible study. As a young man he had begun that study and continued it into later life. Several years ago, in the columns of his paper, he began to publish a series of articles on the study of the Bible. He became so interested in this project that he sold his paper and has devoted himself to writing on the subject. His great book on the study of the Old Testament is reviewed by the literary critic, Dr. José Ribeiro, in one of the papers of Rio de Janeiro, in part as follows:

“This book of Dr. Rodriguez makes us think of new roads that may be opened as an outlet for the religious stagnation. It is not a book of propaganda, but it is a worthy effort and God grant that it may bring results. Books of this kind are what the Latin people need. On reading Dr. Rodriguez’ book we have been impressed with the idea that it is the only book in all our language that takes into account modern science in the discussion of religion. It does not, however, follow the extreme of the German’s rationalism. On the contrary, it is a book of profound religious faith, which loves discussion and historical criticism, in which proof of the truth is found.”

These evidences of the influence of Evangelical Christianity in Latin America might be multi-

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plied. Slowly, but none the less certainly, a moral and religious awakening is coming in these southern countries. For generations this new conquest of Latin America has been proceeding. The line of Christian advance has been exceedingly thin. Missionaries hundreds and thousands of miles apart; remote schools; humble churches; the open Bible; the example of men and women who have been lifted into a higher type of life—these have been the materials of this campaign. But now, after these years of work by men and women who have gone out in their youth to give of their whole life, a revival of religion is coming. In a thousand places the signs of this new day are apparent. What are we, who live here in North America, who enjoy the easy advantages of our religious freedom, to whom the church and the school are institutions taken for granted—what are we, in this rich continent, to do to help the coming of this new day in Latin America?

Looking ahead to Latin America's new day calls to mind a very old picture—one that was enacted in real life. Its scene is laid in an ancient city of the East. Hills, barren hills, rise from beyond the city's wall. Streets are narrow, houses low, and darkened doorways open into tiny courtyards. A stranger has come to this town. His fame has come before him. The town is in excitement. Up

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in the portico of the great temple elder statesmen of the church, alarmed because of this "heretic," are gathered in little gesticulating groups denouncing him and shaking their heads that people run off after false teachers. Evening is come down from the hills. A last patch of the day's sun rests on the highest point and tips the top of a turret over the wall. In the narrow streets it is twilight. Long shadows stretch and lengthen. Somewhere, through a doorway, a baby cries. Three children play some Eastern game in a little square. And under the shadow of the temple the beggars crouch—their hands extended.

Before the door where the stranger lodges a little crowd has gathered. The sick of the city have come: two blind men, hand in hand; a mother carrying a child whose face is flushed with fever; cripples, with crutches or crawling along the rough-hewn cobbles; a paralytic, carried on his bed by two men. The eyes of them all turn piteously toward that open door. The narrow street is darkening. The boys stop their play and edge through the crowd to a place by the door.

And the stranger comes. The people press forward. Their hands go out toward him. A cripple, from the cobbles, reaches up to touch his flowing garments. His eyes smile. He sees the fevered baby. He touches it. The fever goes and the mother, her eyes aglow, sinks to her knees and

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then hurries joyously down the street through the twilight.

An hour later—and it is night. The crowd has gone. The stranger too has turned within. The beggars have left their begging before the temple portico. The street is empty. But into a home where a child was at the point of death; and into a hovel where the cripples, at the day's end, dragged themselves; and into the heart of the paralytic who was borne by two friends—into these places where men and women and children live, the quiet, smiling stranger has entered. And the next morning, when the day has come, the sun glowed down from above the hills, over the turreted walls and into the narrow streets of a different village—different because this man had lodged there.

It is to follow in the footsteps of the Man of Galilee that men and women have gone to Latin America and to the ends of the earth to bring a gospel of healing and of happiness. It is to complete His work, begun in these ancient villages of the East, that missionaries in schools, in hospitals, in dispensaries, and churches are continuing to carry on; and that men and women of other lands are consecrating their wealth to the completion of that enterprise.

Latin America—from the sand-swept plains be-

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low the Rio Grande, out across the islands of the Caribbean, along the highlands of the Andes, and the rivers of Brazil, down to the wind-torn Straits of Magellan—Latin America needs new campaigners for Christ. It needs those who believe in fellowship and good-will and Christian neighborliness; who have a faith that in these southern empires a new Kingdom of the Cross may be upbuilt.

It is important that we study to know the needs of Latin America. It is much more important to know what we are going to do to meet them.

Note on Pronunciation

The Spanish language is practically phonetic. Once the sounds of the letters of the alphabet are learned, the pronunciation is simple. In general the consonants are pronounced as in English. The few exceptions are noted below.

- a is always ä as in "father."
- e is always ā as in "race."
- i is always ēē as in "meet."
- o is always ō as in "note."
- u is always ōō as in "moon."
- y after a vowel and followed by a consonant, or at the end of a word is like "ee" in "meet"; at the beginning of a syllable, or of a word, y is a consonant, and is pronounced as in "year."
- d is as in English; final d is frequently pronounced "dth."
- g before e and i has a strong guttural aspiration, similar to ch in German. Before a, and o, and u, g is as in "go." G in the combination "gui" and "gue" is always hard.
- h is never pronounced.
- j has always the guttural sound of h.
- ll is pronounced as in "brilliant."
- n is like "ny" in "canyon."
- r at the beginning of a word, and when doubled, is slightly trilled.
- s and z are like "ss" as in "pass"—never like z.

Note: The Castilian pronunciation of c and z is not followed in Latin America

A Brief Reading List

A lengthy list of books on Latin America might be appended to this work, but it seems sufficient to limit the number to a few which deal with the special subject in hand, or provide general information as a background.

All those included in the list are recent works, or indispensable because of their value to the understanding of the problems under discussion. Fuller lists may be had from any book-dealer, or from the Committee on Cooperation in Latin America, 25 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Asterisks indicate books specially recommended for a small reference library.

GENERAL AND DESCRIPTIVE

South America Today. S. G. INMAN. Committee on Cooperation in Latin America, New York. 1922. Fifty cents.

A booklet dealing with the social and religious situation as observed on a trip through South America.

Men, Maidens, and Mantillas. S. B. MAY. Century Co., New York. \$3.50.

A popular, picturesque sketch of Latin American life today.

* *Latin America, Its Rise and Progress.* F. GARCIA CALDERON. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1919. \$4.50.

Valuable to all students of South American questions as presenting the views of a scholarly Latin American.

Understanding South America. C. S. COOPER. George H. Doran Co., New York. 1918. \$2.00.

An account by a genuinely sympathetic traveler of conditions as they exist today in South America.

* *Makers of South America.* MARGARETTE DANIELS. Missionary Education Movement, New York. 1916. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 75 cents.

Biographical sketches of twelve men in different spheres, who have left their impress on South America. They include: Francisco Pizarro, José de Anchieta, José de San Martín, Simon Bolívar, James Thomson, Allen Gardiner, Juan Manuel Rosas, Domingo F. Sarmiento, Dom Pedro II, David Trumbull, Francisco Penzotti, W. Barbrooke Grubb.

The New Latin America. J. WARSHAW. T. Y. Crowell Co., New York. 1922. \$3.00.

A comprehensive account of the march of progress in Latin America, with a fine estimate of the part played therein by missions.

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Latin America. WILLIAM R. SHEPHERD. (Home University Library of Modern Knowledge.) Henry Holt, New York. 1914. Fifty cents. An excellent and concise account, very valuable for reference.

HISTORY

* *The Rise of the Spanish-American Republics.* As Told in the Lives of Their Liberators. W. S. ROBERTSON. D. Appleton and Co., New York. 1921. \$3.00.

A somewhat detailed history based on the original sources of the recent developments of the Spanish-American Republics.

* *Journal of First Voyage to America.* CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. Albert and Charles Boni, New York. 1924. \$3.50.

An abstract from the original log of this momentous voyage which gave the New World to European civilization. Of special help in the study of the West Indies, Colombia, and Venezuela.

Hispanic Nations of the New World; a chronicle of our southern neighbors. WILLIAM R. SHEPHERD. Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn. 1919. \$1.75.

GOVERNMENTAL AND INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

* *Problems in Pan-Americanism.* S. G. INMAN. George H. Doran Co., New York. 1921. \$2.00.

A discussion of the present-day problems which affect the relations of the American republics. Contains good bibliography.

MEXICO

Mexico Today. G. B. WINTON. Missionary Education Movement, New York. 1916. Out of print, but available in many libraries.

This book, although somewhat out of date, still has value in present-day studies.

* *The Social Revolution in Mexico.* E. A. ROSS. Century Co., New York. 1923. \$1.75.

This well-known sociologist, author of *South of Panama*, tells in this book his impressions of recent movements in Mexico.

Beautiful Mexico. VERNON QUINN. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. 1924.

A delightful treatment of the story, legends, and scenic charm of Mexico.

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THE WEST INDIES

- Through Santo Domingo and Haiti.* S. G. INMAN. Committee on Cooperation in Latin America, New York. Fifty cents. The report of a visit made to these republics in the summer of 1919 by the Secretary of the Committee on Cooperation in Latin America.
- Crusading in the West Indies.* W. I. JORDAN. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 1922. \$1.75.
A record of twelve years' work, chiefly in Cuba and Haiti, in the interests of Bible work.

CENTRAL AMERICA

- * *The Five Republics of Central America.* DANA G. MUNRO. Carnegie Foundation, New York. 1922. \$3.50.
One of the most concrete studies of the republics of Central America. Particularly helpful to an understanding of social and economic conditions.

SOUTH AMERICA

- The Brazilians and Their Country.* C. F. COOPER. Heinemann and Co., London. 1920.
A sympathetic study of this great republic and its people.
- * *Working North from Patagonia.* HARRY A. FRANCK. Century Co., New York. 1921. \$5.00.
This is the final volume of Mr. Franck's story of his vagabond journey through Latin American countries. It deals particularly with his experiences in Brazil.
- Two Thousand Miles through Chile.* EARL C. MAY. Century Co., New York. 1924. \$3.50.
The above volume deals interestingly with this little republic on the west coast.
- The Colombian and Venezuelan Republics.* W. L. SCRUGGS. Little, Brown and Co., Boston. 1919. \$2.50.

RELIGIOUS CONDITIONS AND CHRISTIAN WORK

- South American Problems.* ROBERT E. SPEER. Student Volunteer Movement, New York. 1912. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 75 cents. It was this book, written after the visit of the author to South America in 1909, that first fairly stated the case for Evangelical missions in Roman Catholic America.
- * *Roman Catholicism in Latin America.* WEBSTER E. BROWNING. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 1924. \$1.00.

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An especially valuable book to supplement the study of the religious situation.

- * *New Days in Latin America.* WEBSTER E. BROWNING. Missionary Education Movement, New York. 1925. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 60 cents.

A careful study of the conditions and opportunities in the Latin American world, giving the results of the author's thirty years of observation, travel, and study.

- Modern Missions on the Spanish Main.* W. REGINALD WHEELER and WEBSTER E. BROWNING. Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia. 1925. \$2.00.

A study of Protestant missions in Colombia and Venezuela.

- * *Glimpses of Indian America.* W. F. JORDAN. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 1923. \$1.75.

A study of the Indian situation in Mexico, Central America, Peru, Bolivia, and Ecuador, by a Secretary of the American Bible Society.

- * **CHRISTIAN WORK IN SOUTH AMERICA.** The official report of the Congress on Christian Work in South America, at Montevideo, Uruguay, April, 1925. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. \$4.00 per set of 2 vols. Ready in autumn, 1925.

Indispensable for collateral use in any thorough study of the social and religious situation in South America today. The following are the commission reports with the names of the respective chairmen:

Unoccupied Fields. Charles T. Paul.

Indians. Dr. William I. Haven.

Education. Dr. Frank K. Sanders.

Evangelism. Dr. Charles M. Braden.

Social Movements. Miss Elizabeth McFarland.

Health Ministry.

Church in the Community. Bishop Francis J. McConnell.

Religious Education. Dr. Eric North.

Literature. Dr. Harry Farmer.

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Special Religious Problems. Dr. John A. Mackay.

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- A Church in the Wilds.* W. B. GRUBB. E. P. Dutton and Co., New York. 1914. \$2.50.

A first-hand description of the work of the South American mission among the Indian tribes of the Paraguayan Chaco.

A Brief Reading List

Indians of Latin America. Committee on Cooperation in Latin America, New York. 1924. Fifteen cents.
A pamphlet giving an excellent, although necessarily brief, survey.

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Ariel. José E. Rodo. Translated by F. J. Stimson. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. \$1.25.
A remarkable and inspiring treatise comparing the philosophy of life of North and South Americans, from the point of view of a Latin American.

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